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SÆVA INDIGNATIO.

Indignation is one of the noblest of passions, because it connotes a burning desire to right some enormous human wrong, a flaming resentment against some outrageous miscarriage of justice, a deep craving for the realization of righteousness among men. Wherever the weak are oppressed, or the fundamental liberties of mankind are endangered, this passion springs up in generous hearts, and impels them to fitting words and deeds in defence of the threatened palladium. It is to such hearts that the poet appeals when he says:

> "Whoso takes the world's life on him, and his own lays down,
> He, dying so, lives,"

and it is when he invokes such ardors that the poet fulfils one of his highest functions. But those to whom it is given to know this passion pay heavily for the endowment. For it possesses them as with the tearing force of the avalanche, or the devastating fury of the forest fire. The tranquil satisfactions and comfortable joys of normally-ordered existence are not for them, and their only hope of peace is that expressed by Swift when he wrote for his own tombstone the terrible epitaph: *Ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit.*

If we were to expunge from the world's literature the note of indignation, the resulting impoverishment would be incalculably great. To the apostles of the discredited gospel of *l'art pour l'art* the loss might seem insignificant, but it would be immeasurable to those for whom literature is no fabrication of the studio but a product of the laboratory of life, associated with every deep human concern, and allying itself with the great causes of religion and politics and the conflict between the ideals of individual liberty and social justice. What would Juvenal mean to us were he deprived of the temper with which he denounced the corruptions of the declining Empire? What would remain of Swift were the burning passages of indignation stricken out of his record? What was it but the note of indignation that gave Rousseau the power to impel a revolution of the social order, or Burke the power to smite the besotted conscience of a government intent upon the oppression of the American colonies and thus recreant

to the hard-won principles of human liberty, with the passionate cry: "The question is not whether their spirit deserves blame or praise, but what, in the name of God, shall we do with it?" It was the indignation of Mazzini that unloosed the regenerative forces that redeemed Italy from the bondage of foreign tyranny and made it a nation; it was the indignation of Hugo that opened men's eyes to the monstrous inner significance of the Second Empire and made it a loathsome memory of the past. As Lord Morley once pointed out, such writings are more than books, being acts, and it is the indignation which inspired them that gave them the *vis viva* of their irresistible impact upon what seemed to be the firmly established order of things. Shelley's Greek patriot hurled his dying words of defiance at the Turkish oppressor,

> "Then held his breath, and after a brief spasm
> The indignant spirit cast its mortal garment
> Among the slain — dead earth upon the earth!"

And it was the driving power of Shelley's indignation, concentrated in such foci as "Queen Mab," "The Masque of Anarchy," and "Hellas" that made it possible for Brandes to say of him that his life, begun in August, 1792, "was to be of greater and more enduring significance in the emancipation of the human mind than all that happened in France" during that fateful month. It is, indeed, to the poets that we must go for the most impassioned and moving examples of that indignation in whose presence wrong cowers and spiritual darkness is overcome. The last great voices of indignation in English poetry were those of Tennyson and Swinburne — Tennyson with his:

> "Bring the old dark ages back without the faith, without the hope,
> Break the State, the Church, the Throne, and roll their ruins down the slope.
>
> "Authors — atheist, essayist, novelist, realist, rhymester, play your part,
> Paint the mortal shame of nature with the living hues of Art,
>
> "Rip your brothers' vices open, strip your own foul passions bare;
> Down with Reticence, down with Reverence — forward — naked — let them stare.
>
> "Feed the budding rose of boyhood with the drainage of your sewer;
> Send the drain into the fountain, lest the stream should issue pure.
>
> 'Set the maiden fancies wallowing in the troughs of Zolaism, —
> Forward, forward, aye and backward, downward too into the abysm."

Swinburne with his:

> "Bow down for fear, then, England; bow
> Lest worse befall thee yet; and swear
> That naught save pity, conscience, care
> For truth and mercy, moves thee now
> To call foul falsehood fair.
>
> "So shalt thou live in shame, and hear
> The lips of all men laugh thee dead;
> The wide world's mockery round thy head
> Shriek like a storm-wind's: and a bier
> Shall be thine honour's bed."

The indignation of Carlyle and Ruskin made a deep impression upon the thought of the Victorian age, and still evokes responsive echoes in the hearts of men who are wise enough to turn to those seers for guidance in the conduct of life. There is a sharp contrast between the indignant manner of the prophet of Chelsea and the prophet of Brantwood. Carlyle's indignation was explosive, exceeding in dynamic quality that of most spirits thus aflame. A typical example is the outcry: "My malison on all blockheadisms and torpid stupidities and infidelities, of which this world is full!" Ruskin's indignation, on the other hand, was more petulant and passive, and tempered with a sad resignation, as of one who knew that his was a voice crying vainly in the wilderness, of one whose nature impelled him to testify, but who had little hope that his appeal would be heeded. We hear it in the opening of "Fors Clavigera":

> "For my own part, I will put up with this state of things, passively, not an hour longer. I am not an unselfish person, nor an Evangelical one; I have no particular pleasure in doing good; neither do I dislike doing it so much as to expect to be rewarded for it in another world. But I simply cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else that I like, and the very light of the morning sky, when there is any — which is seldom now-a-days, near London — has become hateful to me, because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of, where I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly."

In a word, Carlyle's indignation was angry, and Ruskin's was sorrowful. Each, in its way, is capable of stirring us to the depths of our being.

In our own national history, two causes, beyond all others, have fired with indignation the breasts of our noblest spirits. In the case of slavery, the passion of Garrison and Sumner and Phillips, of Emerson and Whittier and Lowell, brought about a triumphant routing of the powers of evil, at what terrific cost we all know. In the later case of the brutal subjugation of a liberty-loving people, doubly shameful because it involves us in recreancy to the most fundamental of our national ideals, indig-

nation has not yet completed its task, but it is working in the national conscience, and the outlook is promising. Meanwhile, it is cause for congratulation that the noblest of our recent poets — perhaps of all our poets — was wrought to white heat by this monstrous wrong, and gave us one of the finest examples of indignation in English poetry when he wrote his "Ode in Time of Hesitation."

"I dare not yet believe! My ears are shut!
I will not hear the thin satiric praise
And muffled laughter of our enemies,
Bidding us never sheathe our valiant sword
Till we have changed our birthright for a gourd
Of wild pulse stolen from a barbarian's hut;
Showing how wise it is to cast away
The symbols of our spiritual sway,
That so our hands with better ease
May wield the driver's whip and grasp the jailer's keys.
. . . . . .
"Tempt not our weakness, our cupidity!
For save we let the island men go free,
Those baffled and dislaureled ghosts
Will curse us from the lamentable coasts
Where walk the frustrate dead.
The cup of trembling shall be drained quite,
Eaten the sour bread of astonishment,
With ashes of the hearth shall be made white
Our hair, and wailing shall be in the tent."

A certain amount of prejudice is necessary for the effective manifestation of indignation. We mean, of course, prejudice in the good etymological sense of fixed judgment determined, not by passion, but by a clear intellectual envisagement of the evil in view, and of its probable consequences if permitted to prevail. The time for passion is after the judgment has been reached, not during the process of its formation. After that, indignation cannot burn too fiercely, or express itself in terms too severe. Prejudice in the bad sense is born of passion at the start, or at least of some unreasoning dislike, if not of some desire for personal advantage, and its causes will not bear close scrutiny. A great deal of spurious indignation, the outcome of this sort of prejudice, finds voice all about us, in religion, in politics, and in sociology, and often the utterance is so vehement that it deceives all but the few whose ears are trained to catch the note of intellectual insincerity. If ever the indignation of bias is justifiable, it is as a weapon in the warfare against the fanatic, whose own bias is so unreasoning that it would pull down the very pillars of the temple if by so doing it might accomplish its petty purpose. The fanatic is constitutionally incapable of "playing fair," and the workings of his unbalanced mind practically force the defenders of civilization to resort to exaggerated statements of their cause. Extremes of affirmation must sometimes be met by extremes of denial, and the spirit of calm deliberation which would gladly say: "Come, let us reason together," finds itself forced to abandon temperance because it is sure to be taken by the enemy as implying a confession of weakness. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" would not have ceased to be a mere book, and become one of the great facts of history, if its author had been willing to parley, and to weigh dispassionately the plausible defences of slavery that came from the rostra and pulpits of the Southern States. It was the virtue of that flaming fiction that it saw only one side of its subject, but presented that side so intensely that the conscience of the nation was effectively aroused.

It sometimes happens that indignation of the most righteous and salutary sort needs to be expended upon objects that do not seem at the time to deserve such reprobation. The philosophic mind looks far ahead, and realizes that eternal vigilance is indeed the price of liberty, which as a practical precept means nothing to the masses of mankind. It discerns the undermining and corroding influences in thought and life when their destructive work is just beginning, and is up in arms before the multitude has taken alarm. To these watchers from the masthead the world owes more than it knows, and their indignation, which often seems disproportioned to its exciting cause, averts many a shipwreck of ideals. That wise man, Lord Acton, never wrote wiser words than when he said, speaking of the example of Washington and Hamilton in our national life: "It teaches that men ought to be in arms even against a remote and constructive danger to their freedom; that even if the cloud is no bigger than a man's hand, it is their right and duty to stake the national existence, to sacrifice lives and fortunes, to cover the country with a lake of blood, to shatter crowns and sceptres and fling Parliaments into the sea."

THE NEW BRONTË LETTERS.

On July 29, 1913, more than a year after the appearance of my book, "The Three Brontës," the editor of the London "Times" published, with every circumstance of advertisement, four letters of Charlotte Brontë to M. Constantin Heger — all that remains of the correspondence. The originals are now in the British Museum, the gift of M. Heger's son, Dr. Paul Heger, to the nation.

One of them is torn in two and mended again.

It might have been more decent if M. Heger had finished his work of destruction (if it was his work); but since he did preserve the letters and they passed from his keeping to his son's, no other course was open to Dr. Heger than, in his own words, "to offer them to the British Museum as the official custodian on behalf of the British people." The responsibility for their publication rests with the editor of "The Times."

The letters were written after Charlotte's final return from Brussels in February, 1844. They are dated respectively July 24, 1844, October 24, 1844, January 8, 1845, and November 18 (?), 1845. Extracts from three of them are given by Mrs. Gaskell in her "Life of Charlotte Brontë." It is not known whether she had the letters in her hands, or whether she merely used such discreet selections as were given to her. Possibly Mrs. Gaskell may herself have made discreet omissions. As they now stand, unaltered and unabridged, they throw considerable light on that obscure and contested point of "tragic passion." So much light that, personally, I think they ought never to have been given to the world. But, since Mr. Spielmann has seen fit to give them, I am bound to unsay much that I have said, and to admit that some passionate element, innocent and unconscious, was, for all its innocence and unconsciousness, present unmistakably in Charlotte Brontë's feeling for her "Master." All that I wrote on this subject was written more than two years before the appearance of this additional evidence. I was then entirely justified in maintaining that, as far as "tragic passion" goes, we have no evidence to prove it, and that what we have points all the other way.* And if I said that tragic passion was, on the evidence, improbable, I nowhere said that it was impossible. Sir William Robertson Nicoll, in his letter to "The Times" of July 30, says: "It has been very seriously and ably argued that Miss Brontë's regard for M. Heger was nothing more than an ordinary friendship. To suppose it went further is 'pitiful and silly.' . . . It will now be seen that those were right who took another view." You seem to hear a certain note of triumph, as if he said, "Aha! who was right and who was wrong, after all?" And it was necessary to remind my critic that I never said that Miss Brontë's regard for M. Heger was nothing more than an ordinary friendship, that, on the contrary, I was at some pains to show that it was a most extraordinary one.

Well, I own that the now positively notorious passage about Charlotte's "peace of mind" may, after all, have referred to "Miss Brontë's regard for M. Heger"; and that when Charlotte says that day and night she finds neither rest nor peace; that if she sleeps she is disturbed by tormenting dreams in which she sees her Master, "always severe, always grave, always incensed" against her; when she says that the poor have not need of much to sustain them — they ask only for the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table, but that if they are refused the crumbs they die of hunger; and that to forbid her to write, to refuse to answer her, would be to tear from her her only joy on earth, to deprive her of her last privilege; and that when day by day she awaits a letter, and when day by day disappointment comes to fling her back into overwhelming sorrow, then fever claims her, she loses appetite and sleep, she pines away, — we have here the language of subconscious love-sickness underlying a perfervid intellectual passion. And if any room for conjecture yet remains, there can be no doubt as to Charlotte's state of mind when she assures M. Heger that his "deux discours prononcés à la distribution des prix de l'Athénée royale" are worth the *Pensées de Pascal* and the complete works of Bernardin de Saint Pierre.

But we have no business to read what she says. Her case raises a large question of literary ethics, of the public's "right to know," of the biographer's right to publish what was never meant for publication. In the innumerable discussions that followed the appearance of these letters it was abundantly evident that to the ordinary decent man and to the ordinary decent woman Mr. Spielmann's act did not appear the fit and beautiful thing it appears to him and to Sir William Robertson Nicoll. Had any ordinary decent man found himself with these letters of Charlotte Brontë's in his hands, nothing, I think, would have induced him to give them to the world. He would n't have cared a rap about defrauding the public of its "right to know." He would have considered that the public has no right to know about Charlotte Brontë dead what Charlotte Brontë living would have died rather than make known. Of course, you have the notorious case of the Browning letters which may be pleaded as precedent, but publication of even this unique correspondence was regarded by many scrupulous people as more or less an outrage against perfect decency. Still, it may be said that if the Browning letters had not been given to the world the world would have been considerably the poorer by their loss. They stand as the expression of a unique and perfect passion. You will not find in them one word which either Robert Browning or his wife could have wished not to have written. Whether they would have wished them to be published is another matter; but in no sense was Mr. Browning dishonoring his father and his mother when he gave their love-letters to the world.

This cannot be said of the love-letters (if they *are* love-letters) of Charlotte Brontë. True, there is nothing in them dishonoring to the writer; but there is much which she would have wished not to have written. They are not the expression of a perfect love, acknowledged and crowned. They are the pitiful, almost abject cry of a passion — secret, unacknowledged, incomplete, such passion, as, with all its innocence, abhors publicity. To have published them simply as they stand is to have done their writer a gross wrong. To publish them with the

* "The Three Brontës," pp. 82-95.

accompanying editorial comments is to add insult to injury of the dead. Nor can I find in them any excuse for their publication. There is nothing unique about them. They are not, as Sir William Robertson Nicoll thinks, "priceless." They are the expression of a very ordinary love-sickness, writhing under its veil of intellectual passion. They add nothing of any value to our knowledge of Charlotte Brontë, even supposing that we had the right to know.

Many harsh things have been said of Mrs. Gaskell's indiscretion, and it may be admitted that where other people were concerned she was, even for a biographer, more than usually indiscreet; but in all that related to Charlotte Brontë she was a perfect example of that loyalty which the living owe to the dead. As we do not know whether she had access to these letters, we have no evidence for supposing that she guessed Charlotte Brontë's "secret." But we can be pretty certain that, had she guessed it, she would have died rather than give it to the Press. This inability to do the indecent thing may make a poor biographer and a poorer editor — that depends on what you consider to be the important truth about an author. Mr. Spielmann, referring to Mrs. Gaskell's extracts from the letters, says rather gratuitously that "they have — inevitably, no doubt, at that time, for the biographer's peculiar purpose — been garbled in a manner rare in a frankly and candidly conceived narrative," so that "the real burden and significance of the correspondence are thus ingeniously and successfully concealed." Now, if, as Mr. Spielmann admits to be possible, Mrs. Gaskell "had no part in it," if she "never had possession of the letters themselves," she was hardly responsible for the garbling. What then was her peculiar purpose? What was it that she so ingeniously and successfully concealed? If, on the other hand, she did have possession of the letters, her purpose of concealment was plain. She suppressed, that is to say she discreetly omitted, all that she considered she was not at liberty to reveal. She concealed deliberately the secret which her sense of honor told her she had no right to know.

But the modern editor is not worried by any of these scruples. And so, after all these years, we have Charlotte Brontë's poor little secret dragged into the daylight for all Fleet Street to gloat over. We have headlines in the papers: "Pathetic Heart-Cry," "Hysterical," "Six Months' Silence." We have a "Vindication of Charlotte Brontë" by Sir William Robertson Nicoll. We have reporters interviewing biographers in the hope of extorting an opinion on the great discovery that, after all, Charlotte Brontë had a heart; we have Sir William Robertson Nicoll and Mr. Clement Shorter both declaring stoutly — almost too stoutly, as if they were champions of a lost cause—that they honor her all the more for writing these letters; we have the editor who gave her away protesting with a supreme stoutness that the secret he has exposed was entirely innocent, — as if Charlotte Brontë's innocence was ever seriously called in question; we have a tremendous display of chivalrous emotion all round; and we have decent average people feeling nothing but the sickness of disgust.

Mr. Spielmann in his leader says (and it sounds very noble): "It is impossible for any but the stupidest to feel a prurient curiosity about these emotions which she has so innocently laid bare . . . to discuss them one needs a purity of thought and language equal to her own."

This would be all very well if Mr. Spielmann had not drawn our particular attention to the fact that M. Heger had scribbled the address of his bootmaker on the margin of Charlotte's last and most passionate appeal; it is more than suggested that M. Heger was entirely indifferent to these outpourings; we are, in fact, invited to look on while an unhappy woman gives herself, with every letter, more utterly away, and to note well the coldness and propriety of Monsieur. We have Mr. Spielmann's most uncalled-for editorial rendering, "hysteric or neurotic," for "*exaltée*," that word with which M. Heger in his "*affection presque paternelle*" is supposed to have reproved her.

And so the real secret is out. It is not a vindication of Charlotte Brontë at all; it is a vindication of M. Heger. Under all the urbanity, all the protesting, all the manly chivalry, the reiterated statements of what was never doubted, the real motive is apparent. Dr. Heger, tossing back to the British public these torn fragments of Charlotte Brontë's heart, endorsed with the address of M. Heger's bootmaker, is not concerned with Charlotte Brontë. He is purely and simply defending his father. That bootmaker's address is to stand as a perpetual proof that M. Heger was innocent of any, even the faintest, response to Charlotte Brontë's "passion."

Now, nobody ever seriously suspected either Charlotte Brontë or her master of any attachment that was not wholly innocent. And but for the publication of these letters the question might have lain over till the day of judgment. As it is, in trying to prove that his father was indifferent to the verge of brutality, it seems to me that Dr. Heger has tried to prove too much. He has still to explain why the letters were preserved; why, in particular, that last letter lay in M. Heger's waistcoat pocket so handy for the bootmaker's address. Dr. Heger states in writing to Mr. Spielmann about the letters that "there have never been any others than those I send you." And yet Charlotte, writing in October, 1844, asks M. Heger if he heard from her at the beginning of May and "again in the month of August." On the 18th of November, presumably 1845, she says: "It is now the 18th of November; my last letter was dated (I think) the 18th of May." In the first of the four letters, dated July 24, 1844, she says: "Ah, Monsieur! I once wrote you a letter that was less than reasonable, because sorrow was in my heart. I will do so no more." It may be that this letter was never sent, but there are still

three letters unaccounted for. And as the six months' regulation apparently did not come into force in the beginning of what Dr. Heger calls "the one-sided correspondence," we may presume that there were many more letters sent than he supposes. And we have still to wonder why Madame Heger disapproved of the "one-sided correspondence" so strongly that her husband had to propose to Charlotte that clandestine arrangement which Charlotte very properly refused to adopt.* More than all, we are left wondering why, if the master suspected his pupil of a regrettable passion for himself (and it is more than suggested that he did suspect her), why on earth did he make that scene, described in one of Charlotte's earlier letters, when she was anxious to return to England, and he implored her to remain? That is not the conduct of an honorable man suspecting a woman's regrettable passion for himself, neither is it the conduct of a man altogether indifferent to that woman; though it may very well be that of a man innocently unaware of the nature of his own feeling and of hers.

And the theory of complete indifference is irreconcilable with the evidence of the letters themselves. Can anybody whose judgment is not entirely warped by a theory really think that Charlotte Brontë, proud, reticent, self-distrustful to the last degree, — the Charlotte whom we know in all her other letters, — would have let herself go to such an extent, would have appealed so humbly, so almost abjectly, to a man whom she knew to be completely indifferent to her? If there is nothing dishonoring in Charlotte's feeling for M. Heger, if, with Mr. Speilmann, we are to "admire her all the more for it," why should there be anything dishonoring in M. Heger's possible feeling for Charlotte Brontë? Why should n't we admire *him* all the more for it? There is nothing admirable in the figure that he cuts on the hypothesis of complete indifference. It is conceivable that he should have seen fit to end a rather trying correspondence on grounds far other than indifference; that his feeling evaporated gradually, and that he became bored with Charlotte's letters, is also conceivable. What his precise feeling was nobody will ever know; but that he began with indifference is contrary to the little, the very little, that we do know.

What is more: on the total evidence I am convinced more than ever that until the moment for her final departure from Brussels, until the "scene" that M. Heger made, Charlotte had no "feeling" for him to speak of. I see no reason to modify anything that I have written in reference to the periods preceding her return to England in 1844. It was, I suspect, that scene that woke her up, that started the whole train of the longing that finds expression in the four letters, — longing accentuated to torture by the loneliness and tragedy of her surroundings, longing that was finally appeased when her genius woke also and came into its own.

However that may be, it does not, I take it, greatly matter. What greatly matters is the genius that appeased her; and the publication of these letters does not affect in the least my main contention that that genius owed nothing to her "master," that (in spite of her brief obsession) it was independent of all that he could do to her or make her feel. The proof is the use, the deliberate and unimpassioned use, it made of him.

You cannot have it both ways. If you insist that the figure of M. Paul Emanuel is a portrait from the life, you may measure the extent of her independence by her amazing mastery of the material at her hands. M. Heger may have been able to say, "I was adored once." But M. Paul Emanuel is the portrait, not of a god, but of a mortal, exposed, if you like, in all the charm, but also in all the weakness, the vanity, the pathos, of his mortality.

MAY SINCLAIR.

*According to the statement Charlotte made to Miss Fastitia Wheelwright, he asked her to address her letters to The Athénée Royale instead of to his home, on the grounds that the correspondence was disagreeable to his wife.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE PURSUIT OF LEARNING UNDER DIFFICULTIES well-nigh inconceivable in this luxurious age is what we find in tracing the beginnings of Amerian scholarship. Some of the "old boys" among our college graduates can even now recall the sufferings endured in poorly heated and dimly lighted recitation rooms, the bleakness of barn-like dormitories, and the insufficiency of appetizing food furnished at the college "commons." But no man now living can describe as an eyewitness the crudities of Harvard's first building, where the ground floor was devoted to academic uses, religious and literary exercises, and the purposes of refectory, kitchen, and buttery, while above were students' quarters, mere cells of the rudest sort. Though clapboarded and shingled, the building was far from weather-proof, and more air than light was admitted by the windows, which were only partly glazed, oiled paper serving elsewhere to let in a few of the sun's rays and keep out the "coarsest of the cold," as Artemus Ward said when he hung an old hoopskirt over his chamber window at a country hostelry in mid-winter. Not even the most rudimentary of table-equipment was supplied at the college eating-room. His own knife and fork were carried with him by each student when he went to dinner, and after he had finished he wiped them on the table-cloth. The first president of Harvard, the Rev. Nathaniel Eaton, could have given points to Wackford Squeers on the best way to abuse and cheat ingenuous youth. Even his usher, Nathaniel Briscoe, he nearly did to death by his brutal treatment. But he met with his deserts, being excommunicated by the church and ending his days in a debtors' prison in England. Mr. Arthur Stanwood Pier brings these half-forgotten details to our attention in his readable book, "The Story of Harvard."

THOSE WHO HAVE NO USE FOR PUBLIC LIBRARIES, though the library stand with hospitably open doors in their very street, are more in number than librarians like to believe, and more in number than they will be, it is to be hoped, a few years hence. The "Library Occurrent," issued quarterly by the Indiana Public Library Commission, says, editorially: "Once in a while a librarian is found who actually believes, or says she believes, that her library reaches all of her community that it can serve; that everybody knows about the library, and makes use of it, or if he does not make use of it, has no use for it. Of course, no library's registration list will bear out any such statement, but the librarian of this type can explain away any questions on that score with a wave of the hand — that 's the most important part of her reply — and a statement that 'the children all have cards and they take books home to their parents.'" Some significant figures from five Indiana cities with good libraries are printed, in proof of a too-common ignoring of one of the most valuable privileges open to the citizen. At Plainfield a little more than half the inhabitants are strangers to the library, so far as can be ascertained; at Hartford City nearly three-quarters know not its benefits; at Muncie the record is about the same; at Fort Wayne more than two-thirds of the residents are recreant; and at Indianapolis not far from nine-tenths are equally blind and deaf to their own best good. In general, the larger the city, the smaller seems to be the proportion of card-holders and library-users.

* * *

COÖRDINATING ENGLISH WITH OTHER STUDIES, and thus making it appear less remote from the interests and tastes that govern a student's selection of the particular course to be followed by him in laying the foundations of his education, the English Department at Harvard is this year making an experiment that is thought to promise good results. Hitherto the twenty small sections in first-year English have each been composed of about thirty students, grouped together with no regard to their special lines of study. By the new plan, adopted in accord with President Lowell's desire for a greater coördination of studies, there will be but nine sections, each section embracing a group of students of similar tastes and pursuits. Thus there will be four divisions of those taking courses in civil government, three of those following the call of philosophy, one of those electing history, and one composed of classical students. Assigned readings and required themes will have some reference to these several lines of study. At the same time, however, a partial continuance of work under the old plan will furnish means for comparing the two methods and for determining whether the innovation is productive of the hoped-for good results. Professor Greenough, of the English department, says of the new plan: "It is hoped that by the new arrangement English composition may be thought of as standing less apart from man's other studies than often seemed to be the case under the older plan. The mixed sections will not be given up or their number greatly diminished unless the new plan clearly proves its superiority. It has not been attempted before, so far as we know, and it will be very encouraging from every standpoint if it succeeds."

* * *

A SUCCESSFUL TEACHER OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, supposing English literature to be a teachable subject, is not to be found in every institution of learning. Dartmouth College was distinguished and fortunate in enjoying the services and the inspiring presence of one who seems to have been able to treat this subject pedagogically and yet not instil a lasting hatred of it in his pupils. Professor Charles Francis Richardson, who died on October 8 at Lisbon, N. H., in the prime of his useful life, is best known to general readers as the author of "The Choice of Books," which has given pleasure and profit to hundreds of young persons eager to know the best that has been thought and written by the great ones of the past. His "Primer of American Literature," his two-volume work on American literature, his novel, "The End of the Beginning," his book of poems, "The Cross," his "Study of English Rhyme," and the various products of his editorial industry, have had fewer readers. He was born at Hallowell, Maine, May 29, 1851, was graduated in 1871 from the college to which he gave the best years of his life, was editorially connected with "The Independent," "The Sunday-School Times," and "Good Literature" in the years preceding his call to Dartmouth, and for twenty-nine years was a successful and beloved teacher of his favorite subject at that college. Not even President Emeritus Tucker was more popular with Dartmouth men than was the professor whom they had long ago humorously nicknamed "Clothespins." A sentence from one of his last letters may partly indicate why he was so universally liked. "Somehow," he wrote to Colonel Melvin O. Adams of Boston, "the boys that you like, you like better and better as the fugacious years fly by."

* * *

A SAD LACK OF GOOD BOOKS FOR GIRLS is one of the manifold ills with which the modern world has to contend. This is not saying that the ancient world was any better off in this respect; its condition was undoubtedly much worse, since there seem to have been no books at all for the amusement and recreation of either girls or boys. Miss Clara W. Herbert, head of the children's department of the Washington (D. C.) Public Library, contributes to the Springfield "Republican" some of the results of her experience in ministering to the literary needs of girls, and takes occasion to lament that "at present there are hardly thirty girls' stories which add anything to her [the girl] mentally." She has found that "it is almost impossible to make the average girl read a story not laid in the present time and in surroundings and circumstances similar to her own. Historical tales, and those dealing with life in other lands, are not generally popular, as are the stories

of school and neighborhood life, or those in which the heroine assumes charge of the family during the illness, or after the death, of one of the parents. Authors have learned that this is a popular basis for girls' stories. Thus the difficulty is to give to the girl books in sufficient numbers, satisfying this real need of hers—and she will not read them unless they do meet this need in some way—and still give her anything that will be stimulating intellectually." Thankful indeed must the writer of juvenile books be that the boy's craving makes him interested in a wider range of subjects: history, biography, travels, science, invention, and discovery may all be worked up acceptably in stories or other books for boys. Here and there, too, one finds a girl who has a healthy appetite for boys' books and turns away disdainfully from the Elsie Dinsmore series. On the whole, there seems to be a field open for arousing fresh interests in girl readers and for supplying the books that shall touch upon those interests in an attractive way.

* * *

TRAINING FOR CITIZENSHIP, with all the aid that reading and lectures and class-room instruction can render, is too obviously advisable to call for any argument in its favor on our part. Almost anyone ought to have the making of a good citizen in him if he is caught young enough and properly instructed. Our universities and colleges are of late paying increased attention to the instruction of their students in the duties of intelligent citizenship. At Cornell the regular work of the College of Arts this year includes a "course in citizenship," in which non-resident lecturers will give weekly lectures, as will also members of the Department of Political Science, and Dr. Devine's manual on "The Family and Social Work" will be used as textbook. In the syllabus of the year's course are to be noted such lectures as that by Mr. Clinton Rogers Woodruff on "The Citizen and His Community," and that by Mr. Lee F. Hanmer on "The Citizen and the Recreation Needs of the Community," as also Mr. Clarence Arthur Perry's address on "The Citizen and the Schools," Dr. Hermann M. Biggs's discourse entitled "The Citizen and Public Health," Dr. Devine's treatment of "The Citizen and Problems of Crime," and Mr. Franklin Matthews's lecture on "The Citizen and the Press." Much good ought to result from such a course as this, and not the least of the benefits accruing may prove to be the more general establishment of similar courses at other like institutions of higher learning.

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WHAT TO READ ABOUT JAPAN, in order to gain some adequate conception of the remarkable people who are causing so much discussion and debate in our own country and elsewhere, is a question at present asking itself in many an inquiring mind and getting itself voiced in many a bookshop and public library. The Japan Society, in reply to the great number of persons who appeal to it for suggestions in this department of reading, has prepared a short list of helpful and authoritative works. They are, as announced by the Society: "Intercourse between the United States and Japan," by Nitobe; "The Japanese Nation," by the same author; "Ancestor Worship and Japanese Law," by N. Hozumi; "Political Development of Japan," by Uyehara; "Japan: An Interpretation," by Lafcadio Hearn. Important as are the works of native writers, and interesting as is the native author's way of viewing his subject and expressing his thoughts, readers will find it profitable not to neglect the writings of western authors on Japan, who better appreciate the western student's difficulties and point of view in approaching the subject. A foreign language is commonly best learned from one who, having the same native tongue as the learner, has himself thoroughly mastered the language and not unconsciously assimilated it in childhood. So it is that Lafcadio Hearn's and Pierre Loti's pictures of Japan are more intelligible to us than some other and perhaps more minutely faithful productions from a native hand.

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SIMPLIFICATION AND MYSTIFICATION meet and join hands, with the cordiality characteristic of the junction of extremes, in the pages of "The Pioneer of Simplified Speling," the official monthly publication of the English "Simplified Speling Sosieti." The leading article in the latest number at hand begins thus: "Shoelderz tu the wheel! Aulthoe The Pioneer iz not isyud for tuu munths in the sumer, our campain goez on unbroecen. Indeed, tu juj from the formidabl piel of pres-cutingz befor us (thai ar sumariezd in anuther colum), the public interest in our muuvment haz never been so ceen. Ever mor rair ar the contribyushonz tu the Pres that shoe compleet ignorans ov our wurc and our aimz; ever graiter iz the number ov thoez hu taic our sied." A little further on the editor takes occasion to "thanc our well-wisherz for thair help in the paast. It wood be tuu much tu ecspect that aul wood be satisfied with everi deetail ov our sceem, with every fœtyur ov our propaganda." To an unsimplified speller a page of typographical contortions of this sort is not the easiest of reading: it mystifies more than it simplifies, although of course one might in time get used to such verbal puzzles as "ceen," "sceem," "juj," "taic," "wurc," "tuu," and so on. In comparison with "The Pioneer," our American "Simplified Spelling Bulletin" is a hidebound conservative in its treatment of the written language. If it were not for the English reminder and warning of what we may be coming to by sanctioning even the slightest initial license in spelling, one might turn from "The Pioneer" and hail with glad relief the "Bulletin."

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MR. HALL CAINE'S PROTEST against the exclusion of his novel, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," from certain American public libraries, is an utterance natural to one who feels that he has put into the censured book all the resources of his brain and all the forces of his soul, as Mr. Caine expresses it, and who avows himself conscious of no unworthy

motive in writing the story. He says: "I specially desire to reach the large and sincere audience that depend for their literature on the great Free Libraries of your country [i. e. America]. I belonged to that audience myself in England in my youth and early manhood"—which is a somewhat puzzling statement if taken literally. "I only ask," he pleads, "that in judging a book let the basis of consideration be the aim of the author." And further: "Behind any book is the man who wrote it, and if he is a man of pure aims, and at the same time a true artist, he can teach a powerful lesson by an intimate study of any side of life, no matter how disgusting and revolting it may seem." The fallacy of that doctrine needs no demonstration here. The Manxman's appeal to the American librarian's sense of fairness is made through his American publishers, and will doubtless be printed in full in many journals. It is to be hoped that it will be read by all to whom it is addressed, and that it will receive due consideration.

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LIBRARY ECONOMY IN BOOKBUYING is a kind of economy every public library tries to practice, and the liberal discounts allowed to libraries by the book dealers help to make the book fund go as far as possible. At Bristol, Connecticut, as we learn from the current report of its public library, the average cost of books bought during the year was kept down to a figure remarkably low, if the books were all of fairly excellent quality. The average cost per volume is given as seventy-seven and one-half cents, as compared with one dollar and two cents at the Hartford Public Library, one dollar and fourteen cents at the New Britain Institute, one dollar and three cents at the New Haven Public Library, and eighty-four cents at the Waterbury Public Library. Purchasing orders were widely distributed, no fewer than forty-nine bookselling houses and individuals being called upon for one or more volumes each. In its percentage of total annual outlay devoted to book-buying the Bristol library far outstripped its neighbors named above. The figure attained was thirty-eight per cent, against thirteen to twenty-eight recorded by the other libraries.

COMMUNICATION.

MILTON'S EPITAPH ON SHAKESPEARE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I think it will be of great interest to your readers if you will kindly permit me to say a few words in your valuable paper apropos of the paragraph on pages 133–4 of your September 1 issue, which I have just seen.

"Starre-ypointing" has been the despair of English grammarians for more than 250 years. I am the chairman of the London University College School, and our Headmaster tells me that as a boy he was catechised upon Milton's extraordinary blunder; because "y," like the German "ge," is never prefixed to a present participle, but only to a past participle. Lathom and practically all other grammarians were astounded that Milton, the most accurate of scholars, should have committed such an absurd grammatical error. So the matter remained until about six months ago, when I called attention to the fact that my copy of the second folio of Shakespeare's plays, 1632, contained an inserted page in which Milton's Epitaph is correctly printed with "starre-ypointed."

I sent out enquiries all over the world, with the result that two other copies of the correctly-printed page have been discovered,—one in the New York Public Library, and one in the library of Queen's College, Oxford. All the experts are agreed that "this page is evidently an original and contemporary print, not a reproduction in any modern sense. . . . The paper is contemporary." Writing in "Notes and Queries," London, on September 6 last, Dr. McGrath agrees with the above, and Col. Prideaux describes it as a "cancel leaf . . . printed after the book had been placed on sale . . . issued to purchasers in the same way as cancel leaves are occasionally issued at the present day."

But I ask how comes it that after months of enquiry only two copies besides my own have been reported; and how is it that in the third folio of the plays, printed in 1663–4, the ungrammatical word "starre-ypointing" remained uncorrected? The answer is obvious. The corrected page could only have been issued to those to whom the preservation of Bacon's secrets had been entrusted. The page reveals to us, and it was intended to reveal to us, the name of the real author of the plays, to whom Milton addressed his Epitaph, the important part of which is contained in the first six lines (I quote from my own special page in the 1632 folio):

> "What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,
> The labour of an Age, in piléd stones,
> Or that his hallowed Reliques should be hid
> Under a starre-ypointed Pyramid?
> Dear Source of Memory, great Heire of Fame,
> What needst thou such dull witnesse of thy Name?"

Now "Reliques" must mean "what he hath left us"; and Ben Jonson addresses his noble verses of commendation, which precede the plays in the folios, "To the memory of my beloved the Author . . . and what he hath left us,"—meaning thereby the immortal plays themselves. And that is exactly what Milton means by "his hallowed Reliques."

A "starre-ypointed Pyramid" can only mean a pyramid with a star upon its point (its apex); just as a ball-pointed pen means a pen with a ball upon its point, a diamond-pointed drill means a drill with a diamond upon its point,—such instances might be multiplied indefinitely. Now a pyramid with a star upon its apex is a "Beacon" (pronounced "Bacon,"—"Bacon great Beacon of the state,"—just as at that period "tea" was pronounced "tay," "sea" was pronounced "say," etc.)

Milton then proceeds to say: "What needst thou such dull witnesse of thy Name?" This is evidently intended to tell us that people ought to have wit enough to perceive that Bacon was the name of the all-wise, all-learned author of the plays, without it being necessary to put the dull witness of a Beacon (Bacon) upon these marvellous works.

In quite a number of the books of the period, to which the name of Bacon has not yet been attached, there will be found engravings representing a pyramid or a beacon, to reveal to the initiated the name of the real author.

EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE.

London, England, Oct. 6, 1913.

The New Books.

Stage Memories of Sixty Years.*

A follower of the stage in his boyhood, Mr. William Winter began writing about it in youth, and has been writing about it ever since. His biographies of Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, and Richard Mansfield have found favor with readers, and he is now preparing a book on Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. These celebrities of the stage, therefore, are omitted from his present series of dramatic memories, "The Wallet of Time," as are also a considerable number of other noted actors and actresses whom he hopes to write about in a subsequent work. The two volumes now put forth are certainly not lacking in wealth of material; they extend to nearly fourteen hundred octavo pages, and are as rich in illustrations as one could wish.

Mr. Winter's well-known heartiness of commendation for what he approves, and uncompromising censure for what he disapproves, are to be met with in abundance in his comprehensive "Wallet" — a name, by the way, that he takes from the passage in "Troilus and Cressida" that begins, "Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back. . . ." Whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report, in play-acting, he stanchly upholds and warmly praises; but for the follies and fads of the modern stage he has nothing but withering scorn and biting sarcasm. In the things of his profession he is a splendid hater of what he dislikes, a valiant champion of what he deems praiseworthy. For instance, he declares at the outset — and nobody can dispute him — that "administration of the business of the American Theatre, in recent years, has been characterized by a policy of covetous, despotic, sordid commercialism, which ought to be rebuked and steadily opposed." He takes pains to emphasize his belief as a dramatic critic that "ethical principles are more important than artistic principles," and adds: "The whole experience of my life sustains the conviction that, while the dramatic artist, whether author or actor, should never undertake directly to inculcate a moral, it is the first duty of the critic to ascertain and declare the moral influence consequent on dramatic expression." No such thing as "art for art's sake" enters into his conception of the drama, as the drama should be. One sentence in his preface, more than all the rest of it put together, indicates the tone of the book: "It would be contemptible affectation on the part of any writer possessed of knowledge, experience, conviction, and trained literary faculty to pretend diffidence in writing on a subject which he is equipped and competent to treat."

After this we are prepared to find Mr. Winter's views of Ibsen and Ibsen's plays expressed in terms both vehement and picturesque. Some of the Norwegian's compositions he considers nasty, and all of them ponderous and dull. Of the principal character in "Hedda Gabler" he says: "A nastier little female reptile has not been depicted, even by Ibsen, — 'whose spirits toil in frame of villanies,' and whose whole fabric of dramatic writing is a pollution to the Stage, a wearisome burden upon contemporary thought, a darkness to the eyes of hope, and a blight to everything that it can touch of nobility, beauty, and joy. Perhaps such persons as Hedda Gabler exist: the Lunatic Asylum is the place for them; not the Theatre. . . . The play of 'Hedda Gabler' is a long-winded, colloquial exposition of disease, and its heroine is an insane cat. No other phrase can as well describe such a monstrous union of vanity and depravity." To Mr. Winter the author of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is, in short and simple phrase, "a crack-brained, mischief-making English-Irish socialist," and the play itself a "nuisance." Other and even more remarkable specimens of Mr. Winter's causticity might be adduced from his sprightly pages — as where he says of the author of "The Christian" that he "registers himself as a blathering rhapsodist, flatulent with the wind of doctrine and giddy with self-conceit" — but it will be better to pass now to his generous, whole-hearted, soul-stirring enthusiasm for what he admires and enjoys in dramatic art. Mrs. Gilbert, still agreeably remembered by many a theatre-goer, inspires him to the following strain:

"She was a never-failing delight and constant monition. Her sympathy with the young was deep and quick: she was always ready and glad to speak the word of genial encouragement to inexperience and to back it with shrewd suggestion and wise advice. In one expedient of acting, in particular, she was preëminently expert, — the use of time. It was a technical education to watch and study her employment, in speech, movement, and gesture, of pause, rapidity, or deliberation. She never obtruded herself. Each of her performances possessed the invaluable attribute of seeming inevitability. What she did she made to seem

*The Wallet of Time. Containing Personal, Biographical, and Critical Reminiscences of the American Theatre. By William Winter. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

exactly right to be done, and as though, under the given circumstances, nothing else could possibly occur. To age she would not surrender, and she was indescribably amusing, and often a little pathetic, in her politely brusque resentment of any intimation that she was old or required attention or assistance. . . . As example of artistic coöperation, the ability and willingness to 'play together,' for the right effect, without regard to self, I have seen nothing finer than Joseph Jefferson and W. J. Florence, in 'The Rivals,' and Mrs. Gilbert and James Lewis, in the Daly comedies. Mrs. Gilbert and Lewis, though they viewed each other with respect and admiration, were not close friends, and in their attitude toward each other, as age clawed them in his stealing clutch, they were comic. 'Poor old lady!' Lewis would say; 'I'm afraid she's beginning to break up.' 'Poor James!' Mrs. Gilbert would remark; 'he's getting on—getting on.'"

Discussing the merits of a certain gifted English actor whose recent retirement from the stage his many admirers cannot but deeply regret, the author shows both himself and the object of his encomium at their best.

"Willard's representation of *Cyrus Blenkarn* stamped him as one of the best actors of the age. His representation of *Judah Llewellyn* deepened that impression and reinforced it with a conviction of marked versatility. In his utterance of passion Willard showed that he had advanced far beyond the *Romeo* stage. The love that he expressed was that of a man — intellectual, spiritual, noble, a moral being and one essentially true. Man's love, when it is real, adores its object; hallows it; invests it with celestial attributes, and beholds it as a part of heaven. That quality of reverence was distinctly conveyed by the actor, and, therefore, to observers who conceive passion to be sensual abandonment (of which any animal is capable), his ardor might have seemed dry and cold. It was nevertheless true. He made the tempestuous torrent of *Judah's* avowal the more overwhelming by his preliminary self-repression and his thoughtful gentleness of reserve; for thus the hunger of desire was beautiful with devotion and tenderness; and while the actor's feelings seemed borne away upon a whirling tide of irresistible impulse, his exquisite art kept a perfect control of face, voice, person, demeanor, and delivery, and not once permitted a lapse into extravagance. The embodiment was a memorable image of dignity, sweetness, moral enthusiasm, passionate fervor, and intellectual power; but, also, viewed as an effort in the art of acting, it was a type of excelling grace, a beautiful personification of a noble ideal clearly conceived."

Of course these passages of dramatic criticism with which the work abounds are largely if not wholly — or thus one is left to infer — culled from the author's published reports in the daily press, or from his unpublished notes, and so constitute a sort of patchwork rather than an organic and symmetrical whole; but no other dramatic critic now living could have made a book covering so long a period and embracing so wide a range of experience, distinguished by such grace and charm of style, and revealing so close an acquaintance with a host of actors of many lands, from the days of George Holland and the elder Wallack, of John Gilbert and Charlotte Cushman, down to the present time. His collections for the enrichment of such a series of professional reminiscences appear to be of the richest kind, and he scatters his treasures with liberal hand. An appendix brings together some remarks on "Ibsen and the Ibsenites," a chapter on "American Actors Abroad, and How They 'Fail' There," and a deliverance on the subject of "The Theatre and the Pulpit." In the Ibsen article the reader is again made aware of Mr. Winter's very poor opinion of the Norwegian, whom he takes occasion to rate far below Charles Reade — an unexpected comparison, to say the least. "A reformer who calls you to crawl with him into a sewer, merely to see and breathe its feculence, is a pest." With that as a closing specimen of the author's trenchant manner, we bring to an end this account of his memorable work.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

DISEASE AND GENIUS.*

We all have by heart Macaulay's brilliant parallel between Luxembourg and William of Orange, — between "the hunchbacked dwarf who urged the fiery onset of France and the asthmatic skeleton who covered the slow retreat of England." Both, Macaulay goes on to say, would in ancient Sparta have been exposed at infancy. We remember, too, Charlotte Brontë's tribute to Nelson, — "The little lamiter who wielded England's might on the sea." Whether great talent is a cause or an effect of disease and physical deficiency, the two things seem inseparable. Of course the light of fame brings out flaws which would not be apparent in ordinary people; but still it is impossible to doubt that genius has to bear more than its share of such inflictions as insanity, nervous derangement, drunkenness, consumption, scrofula, and blindness. Does talent by its rapid absorption of life force throw off toxines which produce these diseases, or do the diseases by their irritant power produce talent? The chemistry of character and ability is utterly unknown; and when the most modern fad, eugenics, pokes a clumsy finger into this mystery, it may produce unexpected results. Certainly, if the past is to be taken as a guide, a sane mind in a sound body is most sedulously to be avoided, if we

*IN SPITE OF EPILEPSY. By Matthew Woods, M.D. New York: The Cosmopolitan Press.

want to arrive at high spiritual, moral, or intellectual values. Once in the world a community set to work to breed men like prize cattle. For a time Sparta did produce a race of powerful fighting machines. But even in arms these never more than held their own with the intellectual Athenians. Pericles told his fellow-citizens, "We can do all that the Spartans can and many other important things." In the end the men of Laconia went down before the Macedonian barbarians, led by the drunkard Philip and the half-mad Alexander.

These considerations are suggested by Dr. Matthew Woods's book, "In Spite of Epilepsy," which contains studies of three great epileptics, —Julius Cæsar, Mohammed, and Lord Byron. Dr. Woods's treatment of these three cases from the medical standpoint is of the briefest, and his sketches are really illuminating essays in biography. But he offers them to show the great army of epileptics that epilepsy, in appearance at least one of the most frightful of diseases, need not prevent a long life and an important career.

Dr. Woods is a promising recruit for the small group of Americans who know how to write. He apologizes because his work has been done in the hurried intervals of professional occupation. Truth to say, good proofreading would have removed a number of misprints and errors of reference. It might also have reformed some of the sentences which have lost their right grammatical alignment, or which are wild and whirling in meaning. Occasionally, too, his liveliness becomes cheap or smart. But these are slight blots. He has that instinct for saying things which lifts writing into literature and makes books readable.

The great cause which is being tried in the world to-day is that of Genius vs. Democracy. The people everywhere are refusing to admit the existence of superiorities. Hence what M. Faguet calls "the Cult of Incompetence." On the other hand, the trend of philosophical thought, in Europe at least, is as decidedly against Democracy. Democracy in art and literature is certainly unthinkable, a contradiction in terms. These things are of and for the few,—the many simply do not know what to make of them; only in their weakest or most utilitarian forms do they appeal widely. So powerful in America, however, is the set of the democratic current that nothing can make head against it. Preachers, professors, politicians, presidents,—all, like the Sausage Seller in Aristophanes, bring their sweet little honey-cake to the great Demos. They return in flattery what they get in pay. If an infinitesimal part of the effort and expense which with us have gone to make the intellectual halt half-whole or the intellectual blind capable of groping, had been given to develop promising talent, we should be to-day all one blaze of glory. But our motto has been, "Let us rally round our mediocrities, for our geniuses can take care of themselves." These things are spoken of here because Dr. Woods is decidedly on the side of genius, and he devotes himself to great fames with an enthusiasm which is rare enough in our arid life.

His sketch of Cæsar is the slightest and most negligible part of his book. This is natural enough; for while it is possible to add a stone to the mountainous cairn already raised to Cæsar, it is not possible to alter the outline or contour of that monument. With Mohammed, however, Dr. Woods has, in English, a comparatively virgin field, and his admiration and enthusiasm for the Prophet has built up a memorial of great freshness and charm. His enthusiasm, indeed, reminds us of that story of Carlyle who at an evening party, after declaiming with great vehemence in favor of Mohammedanism, could not in starting to leave find his hat. "Perhaps," stammered Charles Lamb, "the gentleman came in a turban." Dr. Woods would entirely alter our conception of the land East of Suez,—"Where there ain't no ten commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst." Probably he is more than half right, and the Unspeakable Turk is very much the same compound of human nature as the rest of us.

We think Dr. Woods is wrong, though, in a number of points relating to Mohammedanism. It is a parasitic religion. It originated less, and has certainly less to say to us to-day, than any of the other great Asiatic religions — Judaism, Zarathustranism, Brahmanism, or Buddhism. Mohammed took his central concept, the unity of God, from the Jews. He took his model and methods from Christianity. The later philosophy of the creed was Greek. Avicenna and Averrhoes were followers of Plato and Aristotle,—Schoolmen born out of place. Again, Dr. Woods seems to think that Mohammedanism is all of a piece, that it has held to the original tenets of its founder. In the generation succeeding Mohammed there was a great split in the religion which endures to-day. And it is probably divided into as many minor sects as Christianity. That Mussulmans conform more closely than Christians to the moral teachings of their faith seems to be another conviction of

Dr. Woods. Judging from their history and literature, they could give the Christians meal for their malt in all matters of immorality. It would be pretty hard to find any Western book which can beat the Arabian Nights in indecency; and Hafiz, Jami, and other lyric poets are free enough. Omar, translated, has become the bible of the bibulous.

Dr. Woods repeats the statement that the Arabs saved Greek literature and philosophy for the world. To a certain extent they may have done so; but they probably destroyed a thousand times as much as they preserved. Omar's order to burn the Alexandrian library may be apocryphal, but something of the kind must have happened. The Arabs and their fellow religionists swept over all the regions which were centres of Greek culture. When they had done their work, only a few books and monuments remained to tell us what Greek civilization was. In spite of Dr. Woods's rose-colored view of the Mohammedan mind and character, we cannot believe that what they substituted was equal to what they erased.

Dr. Woods's study of Byron, though largely a cento of anecdotes and quotations, seems to us one of the best presentations of that poet's life and character that has been put forth in recent years. It displays the good sense of a man of the world, and the acute knowledge of a physician who can make allowances for Byron's unfortunate physical inheritances. Particularly does it unravel that most remarkable trait in Byron's character,—what might be called his hypocrisy of vice. From the beginning of his career he seems to have circulated defamatory reports about himself which were baseless. We believe that it is not uncommon for physicians to have to deal with a tendency of this kind, but Byron's hints and tales about his wickedness were "too tall." The thing, however, is easily understandable in a man of genius. Genius at first is geniality. It is frank, open, warm. It feels that it is great enough to be known as it is,—to be painted with the warts. Then it looks abroad and sees how the average prudent human being hides his errors and failings, and in sheer disgust at such hypocrisy it blurts out ten times more than the truth about its own demerits, and gives the eternal whipper-snapper a hold over it. Stripped of such self-imputations, Byron's character would not show any worse than nine-tenths of his contemporaries of like position. Dr. Woods rejects the charges of Mrs. Stowe and Lady Byron's friends, though he does not go into any disproof of them. Leaving all this aside, there was in Byron an energy, courage, and scornful strength of character which would have made him notable even without the splendor of his genius. The filagree poets and measurers of syllables have in recent times written him down; but it is safe to say that he will outlive them, and rank with the great poets of the world.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

TRUMBULL OF ILLINOIS.*

If the memory of Lyman Trumbull has waited long for formal biographical recognition, it has at least fared well in the selection of a biographer. Mr. Horace White was the choice of Mrs. Trumbull herself, and of course the inevitable choice, since to high rank in the world of letters and active participation in the public life of the time was added the advantage of long years of intimate acquaintance. With a voluminous store of personal recollections to draw upon, it would have been an easy matter for Mr. White to write a "life" of Senator Trumbull on very short notice; but he has never fallen into that obvious temptation of a journalistic career. For several years he has been patiently working over the subject, and the result is a thoroughly adequate setting of the man in relation to his time. Many a well-informed reader will lay down this volume not merely with a new store of knowledge concerning Lyman Trumbull but with a broader and surer grasp of the essential facts and philosophy of the war and reconstruction period than he had ever before possessed.

In his preface, the author makes the admission that the careful study which the composition of this book has forced upon him has convinced him that his views upon one important point had been wrong from the beginning. He is now persuaded that the reconstruction policy of Andrew Johnson was that toward which President Lincoln himself had been working, that it was the true policy demanded by the situation, and should never have been departed from. Of course this does not blind his eyes to many errors in Johnson's course, and to those obvious personal defects which in themselves contributed largely to the disastrous break between the President and his party. In his acknowledgments of indebtedness, the recently published "Diary of Gideon Welles" takes first place, and is pronounced "the most important contribution

*THE LIFE OF LYMAN TRUMBULL. By Horace White. With portraits. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

to the history of the period of which it treats that has yet been given to the public."

When Trumbull entered official life as a member of the Illinois legislature, at the age of twenty-seven, those characteristics which stood out in his later senatorial career were already well marked.

"His style of speaking was devoid of ornament, but logical, clear-cut, and dignified, and it bore the stamp of sincerity. He had a well-furnished mind, and was never at a loss for words. Nor was he ever intimidated by the number or the prestige of his opponents. He possessed calm intellectual courage, and he never declined a challenge to debate; but his manner toward his opponents was always that of a high-bred gentleman."

As a debater, one sees in this description his close affinity with Fessenden, of Maine, with whom his name became so closely linked by the vicissitudes of the impeachment of President Johnson. The two were not always in harmony, but they were alike in keen intellectual vigor and rugged honesty of act and purpose. When the death of Fessenden was announced in the Senate, Trumbull said of him: "As a debater engaged in the current business of legislation, the Senate has not had his equal in my time. No man could detect a sophistry or perceive a scheme or job quicker than he, and none possessed the power to expose it more effectually. He was a practical, matter-of-fact man, utterly abhorring all show, pretension, and humbug." Mr. White's comment at this point is that with Fessenden passed away "the most clairvoyant mind, joined to the most sterling character, that the State of Maine ever contributed to the national councils." After all, what is the lasting worth of the glamour that later gathered around the person of Maine's "plumed knight," or her "Czar," in comparison with two such judgments as these?

While Trumbull was a thorough hater of slavery, a vigorous supporter of the Union during the war, and an active champion of measures for the protection of the freedmen after emancipation, he never lost sight of the solemn duty of proceeding with due respect to official oaths and constitutional obligations. His feeling against the temptation to defy law in assailing evil is well brought out in a speech made when the Senate was considering a proposal to investigate the John Brown raid.

"No man who is not prepared to subvert the constitution, destroy the government, and resolve society into its original elements, can justify such an act. No matter what evils, either real or imaginary, may exist in the body politic, if each individual, or every set of twenty individuals, out of more than twenty millions of people, is to be permitted, in his own way and in defiance of the laws of the land, to undertake to correct those evils, there is not a government on the face of the earth that could last a day."

And so during the trying years that followed, while he was generally to be classed with the more radical wing of his party, we nevertheless find him repeatedly holding back when his own judgment and conscience told him that the constitution, honestly interpreted, stood in the way. On this ground he firmly opposed the Ku-Klux Bill of 1871: "I am not willing to undertake to enter the states for the purpose of punishing individual offences against their authority, committed by one citizen against another. We, in my judgment, have no constitutional authority to do that. When this government was formed, the general rights of person and property were left to be protected by the states, and there they are left to-day." At the outbreak of the war, he took strong ground against arbitrary military arrests, and later used his influence to bring the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* within due limits. And it was of course the same spirit that nerved him to stand firmly and successfully against the abuse of the power of impeachment in the case of Andrew Johnson. For putting blocks in the way of some of Sumner's more radical measures, he was angrily charged with betrayal of the cause of freedom, but that did not hinder him from coming strongly to the aid of Sumner when the latter was unjustly forced out of his position as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, through the influence of President Grant. It fell to his lot to draw the Thirteenth Amendment, abolishing slavery forever from the United States and from all places under their jurisdiction, towards which the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln was merely a preparatory step, of value in its psychological effect on public opinion in the North rather than in actually freeing any large number of slaves, which under the circumstances it could not do. The man who drew this amendment, says the author, "will never be forgotten as long as the love of liberty survives in this land."

There are many points on which one would be glad to dwell, but there are other demands upon these columns, and their space is limited. Mr. White has rendered a great service in producing this book. The young Americans who are growing up to-day to control the destinies of this nation need the tonic of a clean-cut presentation of just such lives as that of Trumbull. It should be in every public library in the land, and discriminating librarians should exert themselves to promote its circulation. W. H. Johnson.

The Kittredge Anniversary Volume.*

For many years now, when a notable scholar and teacher has come near the end of his active service, it has been the pleasant custom for his friends and pupils to do him honor by contributing to a volume of essays — samples, as it were, of the scholarly accuracy and habits of research which the master has inculcated. Such a book, for example, was the "Miscellany presented to Dr. Frederick J. Furnival in honor of his seventy-fifth birthday" in 1901; and the "Studies in Language and Literature in Honor of James Morgan Hart" published on his seventieth birthday in 1909. The Italian, Francesco Torraca, was so honored; the Spaniard, Menendez y Pelayo; the Germans, Sievers and Morsbach; and, in America, Professors Gummere, Putnam, and Toy—to mention only a few.

As a rule, however, these testimonies have come after a long generation of devotion to scholarship. The "Anniversary Papers" presented to Professor George Lyman Kittredge on the completion of his twenty-fifth year of teaching in Harvard University are therefore somewhat out of the ordinary. Although twenty-five years of teaching is a respectable achievement, Professor Kittredge, now in the full vigor of middle life, promises to be good for another quarter-century of equally brilliant and faithful service. Both the volume and the occasion of its presentation furnish opportunity for a brief review of the developments in American scholarship and higher education which have made Professor Kittredge's term of service so noteworthy.

When Professor Kittredge joined the English Department at Harvard in 1888, graduates of American colleges were just beginning to find out that it was no longer essential to go abroad for graduate study. To be sure, Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, one of the first of Harvard's Doctors of Philosophy, had taken his degree in 1875; but in 1888 Harvard was giving only two or three Ph.D.'s a year, as against her present average of twenty-five or thirty. The astonishing growth of the Harvard Graduate School since,— a growth paralleled in other universities all over the country,— accompanied by an unprecedented demand for advanced teachers, has given Professor Kittredge and his colleagues an exceptional opportunity to leave the impress of their personality, their scholarship, and their teaching upon hundreds of men who have gone from their work at Harvard into college and university faculties.

Some of the changes which this last quarter of a century has brought are reflected in the volume under review. For example, every one of the forty-five contributors to these "Anniversary Papers" is a college teacher, and twenty-three of them represent sixteen institutions other than Harvard. If time had served, the number of contributors might easily have been tripled, and the list of institutions represented extended very greatly. The conclusion is obvious, that in America almost the only road to scholarly pursuits, of the humanities at least, is offered by teaching. With us, men of means who take to scholarship are likely either to find teaching positions or to become bibliophiles with a leaning toward fancy bindings and volumes whose rarity sometimes has little to do with their intrinsic importance. In America, men like the late Dr. Fitzedward Hall or the late Dr. Furness are exceptional. In England such men are and long have been numerous. The fact, of course, is not necessarily disparaging to us. It means, for one thing, that men of exceptional bent toward scholarship find a main opportunity for service in direct contact with younger students. But it means also that many an American professor, with exceptional ability in research, is forced by our educational system to spend much time and energy on routine matters, when he might be of more service to his generation and to his college if he could devote himself more entirely to study. We do need in this country research professorships, and funds for publishing the results of investigation. Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie have made a start in science. Who will help out the humanities?

Another comment which a glance at the table of contents suggests is that all but six of the forty-five contributors are Doctors. Of the six, the four A.B.'s are Professors at Harvard, and the two A.M.'s are at Columbia, and their degrees date back to near the beginning of Professor Kittredge's incumbency. Time was when a man might be too busy with teaching and research (as Professor Kittredge and some of his colleagues have been) to acquire a Ph.D. But that day has passed in America, for the president of any little freshwater college may demand and *get* a Ph.D. to fill even an instructorship at almost any salary between $600 and $1000. This is not, however, the place to dis-

*Anniversary Papers by Colleagues and Pupils of George Lyman Kittredge, presented on the completion of his twenty-fifth year of teaching in Harvard University, June, MCMXIII. With portrait. Boston: Ginn & Co.

cuss various absorbing problems connected with this change; it is enough here to note its completeness.

Another remark which offers itself is that, although all of the contributors to this volume are teachers, not one of the papers even suggests pedagogy. They are all, as we have said, samples of the patient research and the discriminating and acute appraisal of facts which have made Professor Kittredge's scholarship and instruction so stimulating. Lest someone think "samples" a disparaging word, let us hasten to explain that the papers range in length from three or four to fifteen pages, and that the subjects treated are necessarily either such relatively minor matters as "The Date of Hegetor" or an interpretation of "Des Tors D'Arcaise" (a phrase in the Old French "Aliscans"), or else carefully limited discussions of one or two phases of a large topic, such as "The Modernness of Dante," "Johnson and his Friendships," or "Hamlet and Iago."

Another phase of the change which Professor Kittredge has had so large a share in is the broadening of the field of scholarly activity. Nearly half of the papers in this volume deal in one way or another with comparative literature and the study of origins. Those who used to complain that doctoral dissertations prepared under Professor Kittredge's direction treated with too monotonous a frequency the minuter and more technical Chaucerian questions will doubtless rejoice to see that only five of the papers deal with Chaucer at all. The general reader would probably turn first to Professor Barrett Wendell's "Fantasy concerning the Epitaph of Shakespeare," in which the writer sets forth a quaint but practical reason why our greatest poet may have deliberately chosen to phrase his epitaph in doggerel. Of the other purely literary papers, one of the most searching and instructive is Professor Brewster's on "The Logic of Literary Criticism." Indeed, the variety of the topics discussed here testifies to the wide range of Professor Kittredge's interests. His pupils have drawn inspiration not merely from his thoroughgoing methods of research, but from his eager interest in and surprising knowledge of the whole field of literature as well as philology.

The volume is printed, after the American fashion, on paper so heavy that its comfortable perusal demands a Morris chair and a book-rest. It is almost as ponderous a tome as the "elephant folios" of the seventeenth century, which were kept in window recesses or chained (needlessly) on great desks. But the printing and the proofreading have been done with unusual care, and perhaps the book's imposing dignity is all one should seek.

EDWARD PAYSON MORTON.

NAPOLEONIC CENTENARIES.*

The widespread ignorance of Russian history accounts for the fact that the events of 1812 are remembered in Western Europe and America almost solely because of the terrible disaster which overwhelmed Napoleon's army. The heroic attitude of the Russian people, the enormous sacrifices they made to repel the invader, and their grim determination to abandon all rather than negotiate with him on Russian soil, are ignored. The memories associated with 1813 are, on the contrary, popular rather than military. The idea of liberation or national resistance, voiced in the stirring appeals of poets and philosophers and expressed in the desperate efforts of the German armies, commands the greater share of attention. Such thoughts have, doubtless, presided over the recent anniversary of the "Battle of the Nations" at Leipsic.

The renewed interest in the Russian campaign has led to the republication, in English dress, of the earliest complete narrative of it, "Relation circonstanciée de la Campagne de Russie," written by Lieut.-Colonel Labaume and printed in 1814. During the campaign Labaume was with the Fourth Corps, which the Viceroy Eugene had brought from Italy. He loses no opportunity to praise the conduct of Eugene, while at the same time he writes bitterly of Napoleon, which has enabled the translator to give the book a new title. The special cause of the animus is probably the fact that the book was addressed to a Restoration audience. It was immediately popular, reaching a third edition before the year was out. It continued to be reprinted until the publication of Ségur's

*THE CRIME OF 1812 AND ITS RETRIBUTION. From the French of Eugene Labaume. Translated by T. Dundas Pillans. With an Introduction by W. T. Stead. With map. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

NAPOLEON'S LAST CAMPAIGN IN GERMANY: 1813. By F. Loraine Petre. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Co.

A POLISH EXILE WITH NAPOLEON. Embodying the letters of Captain Piontkowski to General Sir Robert Wilson and many documents from the Lowe Papers, the Colonial Office Records, the Wilson Manuscripts, the Capel Lofft Correspondence, and the French and Genevese Archives hitherto unpublished. By G. L. de St. M. Watson. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

THE PERSONALITY OF NAPOLEON. By J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. The Lowell Lectures for 1912. With maps. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

narrative ten years later. The story of the retreat occupies only a small part of the volume. The flavor of personal experience is not so strong as in some other accounts, notably that of Sergeant Bourgogne. The author has attempted to keep the balance between reminiscences and an exposition of the military aspects of the campaign. His explanations presuppose on the part of the reader more familiarity with names and places than can be expected a century after the event.

Mr. Petre's volume on "Napoleon's Last Campaign in Germany" is opportune. Nothing in English presents with such painstaking exactness the complexities of the struggle. Indeed, the book errs, if anywhere, in the minuteness of its military descriptions. The narrative must be followed step by step with Mr. Petre's sketch maps in hand, otherwise the reader will be confused by the moves and counter-moves of battalions, brigades, divisions, and corps. The comments on the topography of the battlefields are instructive. They would be still more helpful were they accompanied by photographs of the countryside, such as Mr. Petre has furnished in his other volumes on the campaigns of Napoleon. The special merits of the book will be found in its new information in regard to the composition of Napoleon's army and in the illuminating remarks upon the causes of French failure. Mr. Petre corrects the views current about the character of the army at the outset. He regards it "as a good instrument of war." The personnel of the cavalry was good, but it was weak in numbers. The army used for the operations after the armistice was not so good. The numbers of cavalrymen had been increased, but they were inexperienced. Mr. Petre's opinions upon Napoleon's conduct of the campaign are equally interesting. He thinks Napoleon was influenced in September and October more by political than by military considerations, acting as an emperor rather than as a general. Such considerations led him to cling to the line of the Elbe too long and influenced him to delay the order to retreat from Leipsic. Mr. Petre believes that Napoleon did not show the power of quick decision which he once had. Too much was left to subordinate commanders whose initiative, hitherto suppressed, was unequal to the occasion.

St. Helena literature still accumulates. The most recent accession is the letters of Piontkowski, a Polish officer who shared Napoleon's exile a short time. Mr. Watson, the editor of the letters, has prefaced them by a full Introduction and a "Biographical and Critical" section. He is evidently a devotee of the Napoleon cult. In his Introduction he labors assiduously to call in question the good faith of Forsyth, who fifty years ago published a History of the Captivity based on the Lowe papers and other official documents. A part of the critical section is given to a similar attack upon Masson's "Autour de Ste. Hélène." Piontkowski's letters give new details about Napoleon's last days in France, but his account of the situation in St. Helena seems to have been written for political use, and even the editor acknowledges that it is not in all respects trustworthy.

Dr. J. Holland Rose's study of "The Personality of Napoleon" is the most important attempt to present a complete conception of the great man's characteristics since Taine published the first part of his "Modern Régime." The treatment suffers a little from the limitations of the public lecture. Much is said which would appear more naturally in a biography, but a sufficient knowledge of which could not be assumed even in a Boston audience. Dr. Rose's conception of Napoleon will, therefore, be found only by bringing together opinions dispersed through the eight lectures which make up the volume. Perhaps he would disclaim the intention of presenting his conception in a single comprehensive analysis. In the last lecture he says, "It is futile to sum up Napoleon in any one category." In the lecture on "The Warrior" only a slight attempt is made to explain the elements of Napoleon's strategy. The impression is conveyed by descriptions of two or three typical campaigns. The little that is said about strategy might as well be left unsaid. What real information can be gained from such a statement as "prompt advance in as great force as possible along the best line of operations" was a fundamental principle? Almost any commander would try to do this; but the question is, how? A military writer in a recent number of the "Revue des Etudes Napoléoniennes" argues that Napoleon had two methods: first, an enveloping operation upon the enemy's line of communications, when his own superiority was decisive; the second a manœuvre upon the enemy's central position, with the idea of dividing his forces and beating him, if his army was larger. It may be unsafe to apply such formulas to so many widely varying campaigns, but it is more satisfactory than to stop with vague generalities. The most penetrating observations on Napoleon's character appear in the lecture on "The World-Ruler."

Dr. Rose concludes that as a result of the astonishing successes of the early years Napoleon suffered from a form of megalomania, and could no longer discern the limitations of his own work. In this later period the emperor would not listen to advice, and frequently took his wishes for facts. As a partial explanation of his earlier successes, Dr. Rose might have made more of the aid received from the extraordinary group of able men by whom Napoleon was wise enough to surround himself. Aside from his military abilities, Napoleon's genius seems to have lain in the driving power over men which he possessed and in his unmatched skill as an organizer. HENRY E. BOURNE.

RECENT FICTION.*

Ian Hay seems to be only a part of the name of the novelist to whom we owe the pleasant diversions of "A Safety Match" and "A Man's Man"—two books of clean entertainment to which we have paid our compliments in the recent past. This we gather from the copyright notice of "Happy-Go-Lucky," the author's new novel, which records him as Ian Hay Beith. The volume offers us light-hearted comedy of just the sort the title would indicate. Dicky Mainwaring, the central figure, is an engaging youth whose acquaintance we first make in his university days, and the opening chapters, which are a sort of prologue to the more serious matter that follows, invite us into the company of a merry set of boys at Grandwich—which seems to be Cambridge. Afterwards we are concerned with Dicky's great love affair, which runs counter to the plans which the family have made for him, but is saved from disaster by the determination which lies at the base of his happy-go-lucky character. He sees the girl mounting a bus, runs after her, climbs up beside her, and establishes an acquaintance. She is a good sort, but handicapped by a shiftless father, a vulgar mother, and a socially impossible brother. The family keep a lodging-house in Bloomsbury, and when Lady Adela Mainwaring descends upon them, bent upon investigating the extent of Dicky's perversity, we have a delicious account of their attempt to put on appearances. The bubble is pricked, but Dicky is no snob, and will not allow the girl to escape him. The story is no great matter, but it is kept alive at all points by the author's effervescent humor, which can make the most commonplace happenings rich in delight. His characters are real people, incisively drawn, and we would not willingly spare the least considerable of them. A more refreshing story we have not read for many a day.

Mr. Hall Caine requires nearly six hundred pages in which to tell the story of Mary O'Neill, the heroine of "The Woman Thou Gavest Me." One hundred would have sufficed for all the story he has to tell, but the greater number permits him to slobber over his theme in the unrestrained and nauseating fashion that somehow seems to secure him a large following of readers. He draws his support from that subterranean or submerged public that is an eternal mystery to the critical intelligence, the public that is swayed by crude emotionalism, and upon which it seems possible to inflict any form of literary atrocity without incurring its resentment. Here is a book that will probably prove a "best seller," along with the lucubrations of Miss Corelli, Mr. Wright, and Mr. Chambers, and yet a book so offensive to anyone having the rudiments of good literary taste that its popular acceptance presents a problem in psychology that would have baffled even the comprehensive sympathies of William James. In its essence, the story seems to be a plea for the sanctity of illicit love, a brief for adultery, and an argument against the salutary laws by which church and state protect the marriage relation. Free-and-easy divorce is the ideal preached by so many of our moralists in fiction that marriage is fast losing, in the popular mind, not only its sacramental character, but even its validity as the essential basis of any civilized social order. It is the easiest thing in the world to construct such a situation as is presented in Mr. Caine's novel. Take an innocent girl, keep her ignorant of the seamy side of life, give her a training which brings her to womanhood with a flabby will and no sense of personal responsibility, and tie her by the marriage bond to a libertine and a profligate. Then let life become to her a hell upon earth, and pile up the agony with all the devices of sensational rhetoric. Then let the man whom she should have married appear upon the scene, and pile up more agony as she struggles against temptation. Finally, let her succumb, desert her husband, and have illegitimate issue by her lover. This is the approved formula, and when properly worked, makes a powerful appeal to the sympathies. Of course, the husband's brutality must be unmitigated, the seducer's virtues abundant and gloriously manifest, and the wife's saintly endurance carried to the point of heart-break. Thus the novelist "puts it over," ignoring only the vital facts that men and women are not as beasts of the field, that sacrifice is sometimes the

*HAPPY-GO-LUCKY. By Ian Hay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE WOMAN THOU GAVEST ME. Being the Story of Mary O'Neill. Written by Hall Caine. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

ROUND THE CORNER. Being the Life and Death of Francis Christopher Folyat, Bachelor of Divinity and Father of a Large Family. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE RED COLONEL. By George Edgar. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

WESTWAYS. A Village Chronicle. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D. New York: The Century Co.

THE WAY HOME. By Basil King. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE IRON TRAIL. An Alaskan Romance. By Rex Beach. New York: Harper & Brothers.

OTHERWISE PHYLLIS. By Meredith Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

appointed agency of the soul's salvation, and that the social obligation is paramount to the most imperious demands of the hot individual will. Mr. Caine has the whole evil argument at his tongue's end, urging all the old sophisticated pleas for making the worse appear the better reason, and failing only of his desired effect because of his capacity for slobbering, because of the almost incredible rawness of his style, and because of his inability to make of even his leading characters anything more lifelike than wooden dummies upon which to hang his discussion. His own public will not be disturbed by such things as these, but will wallow delightedly in the trough of his slimy emotionalism, spiced as it is with bits of description as salacious as he dares to make them.

Mr. Gilbert Cannan's "Round the Corner" stands clearly out as one of the most remarkable novels of recent years, a work of serious and convincing art, a picture of life having the vitality that creative genius alone can bestow. We understand that it has suffered in England, along with Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, from the sort of unofficial censorship that is sometimes exercised by the great circulating libraries. This fact illustrates how indiscriminate censorships may be, for Mr. Cannan's sincere study and Mr. Caine's thoroughly meretricious performance are as far apart as the poles in every essential respect. The Caine novel splurges in every chapter and is distinctly unwholesome; the Cannan novel is quiet, restrained, faithful to fact, and exquisitely artistic in execution. Mr. Cannan has got the trick of Mr. Bennett, and knows how to write of the most commonplace people and situations in a manner to make them fairly glow with interest. Since "The Old Wives' Tale" we have read nothing so good in this kind. The novel is concerned, as the title-page informs us, with "the life and death of Francis Christopher Folyat, Bachelor of Divinity and father of a large family." The scene, at first laid in Cornwall, is soon shifted to an ugly commercial town in the north of England, whither the clergyman removes and his family takes root. At first we took the title to imply that we had only to look "round the corner" to come upon just such interesting human revelations as are here made, but toward the end we come upon the author's own explanation, which is a shade more subtle. "Modern life is theatrical. Everybody is playing a part, because they are without understanding. Life for modern men and women is forever round the corner because they attempt to tackle their affairs with the minds of children, children who believe everything they are told and examine nothing. They play with everything. They can do nothing else. Unhappily, life is a serious business which yields its reward of joy only to simplicity, sincerity, and purity, or, if you like the old trinity better — faith, hope, and charity." These words occur in a letter to the Rev. Folyat from his oldest son, who has left home at an early age, and returned with widened outlook to the family hearth. His coming "lets in the air," but it cannot completely ventilate the stuffy recesses of the family life. The father, weak and easy-going, is incapable of convincing his children of the relative values of life, as of dealing with the problems that confront him as they grow up. The mother, petty, selfish, and sentimental, is worse than useless as a guiding and restraining force. So the children grow up like weeds, knowing only mean ambitions and having only sordid ideals; the girls are in particularly sad case, because marriage is the only possible solution of the problem of life for them, and it proves a most unsatisfactory one. Mr. Cannan has set himself the task of portraying life just as it is, without gloss or romantic glamor, smoldering for its time in a deadening atmosphere, and guttering out at last. His tale is saved from being unrelievedly dismal by the objective way in which the facts are observed. We think that he piles on the agony a little too much, for the life of the Folyats, who have a fair social position, and means that remove them far from penury, could hardly be quite as miserable as the author would have us believe. The real fault, of course, is not in their material restrictions, but in their failure to realize that there is in the human soul a spring of inward joy which, if only allowed to flow, can sweeten life in almost any environment. This is the teaching implicit in this very fine work of fiction, and the artistic justification for what may seem its over-emphasis upon sordid detail.

"The Red Colonel," by Mr. George Edgar, is a story that impels us to draw upon the unliterary vocabulary for some such word as "corking" or "rattling." Either of those expressive metaphors will serve better to describe it than the more academic forms of expression. It deals with the exploits of the Red Four, a company of international thieves and murderers, who put each other out of the way until only one of them — the Red Colonel — remains alive, to be tracked down and driven to suicide by the persistence of a young English physician turned detective. What we like about Waring, the physician-sleuth in question, is that his wits are a match at every point for the arch-villain whom he runs to earth, and that he is never guilty of those silly lapses from caution which, in most stories of this type, bring the hero into desperate danger in order that an escape by the skin of his teeth may be devised for him by the author's ingenuity. Waring keeps his head all through, and does not make a single false move. The story is of the most exciting description, sprinkled plentifully with thrills, and holds the attention breathless as it progresses from plot to counterplot and from complication to complication. It is, moreover, written in the English language, and spares us the thieves' jargon thought necessary by most writers to give realistic color to stories of this description.

With his faculties still undimmed in extreme age, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, in the latest of the long series of novels which have occupied him during the last

quarter-century, gives us a work which must be reckoned among the very best that he has written. Few novelists can so temper the results of observation with the ripe wisdom of the philosophic mind, or bring to bear upon a fictive invention so wide an experience of life and so seasoned a reflective commentary. He uses in the portrayal of a character the method of life itself, revealing to us the traits one by one, as they are brought out by circumstance, instead of employing the method of the facile novelist, who usually gives us the character outline at the start, and works it out in detail according to the preliminary specifications. Dr. Mitchell, no doubt, has the preconception clearly mirrored in his mind, but he imparts it to us only piecemeal, and we do not shape it for ourselves until life has progressively shaped it into unity. Each new manifestation comes to us as a surprise, but in the end the parts are all seen to fit themselves together as they do in our acquaintance with an actual person whom we have known for years. In "Hugh Wynne" and "The Red City," he has vitalized the revolutionary and post-revolutionary periods of our national history; in "Westways," he performs a similar task for the period between the days of Clay's compromise, fondly but fatuously expected to calm the waters stirred by the moral uprising against slavery, and the closing days of the cataclysm which well-nigh rent our nation in twain, and blotted out forever the black disgrace of the peculiar institution. "Long before the Civil War," he says, "there were in the middle states, near to or remote from great centres, villages where the social division of classes was tacitly accepted. In or near these towns one or more families were continuously important on account of wealth or because of historic position, generations of social training, and constant relation to the larger world. They came by degrees to constitute what I may describe as an indistinct caste, for a long time accepted as such by their less fortune-favoured neighbors." Such a village is Westways, on the western slope of the Alleghanies in Pennsylvania, and such a family are the Penhallows, James, landed proprietor, ironmaster, and retired army officer, and his wife Ann, an aristocratic daughter of Maryland. The young people of the novel are John Penhallow and Leila Grey, James Penhallow's wards, and respectively his nephew and niece: John, orphaned by his mother's death in Switzerland, comes to live with his guardian in 1855, at the age of fifteen, and here the story begins. It is at first concerned with the making of this formal and self-conscious lad into a sturdy young American, and later with his life at West Point and his career as an engineer in the Civil War. The matters of historical import that are reflected in the ante-bellum chapters of the novel are the growth of the new Republican Party, the campaign of Buchanan and Frémont in 1856, the intense feeling aroused by the Fugitive Slave Law, and John Brown's insensate raid. Then we are carried all through the war, from the attack upon Sumter to the surrender at Appomattox, and the figures of Lincoln, Grant, and Stanton flit for moments across the pages. The relations of the Penhallows, husband and wife, are set at odds by politics, Ann being a stout partisan of Buchanan and a sincere believer in slavery, James coming more and more to feel that in the party of Frémont and Lincoln lies the only salvation for the imperilled union, and finally taking the field at the head of a regiment at Gettysburg. They debar politics from their conversation, but life forces politics upon them, and the deep affection that exists between them triumphs over the theories that would tear them apart. This is fundamentally a historical novel, but the history comes in only episodically, as its march affects the lives of those whose lot is cast in the little village. The love-story of the boy and girl runs like a golden thread through the narrative, but it is never sentimentalized, and neither the one nor the other allows it to become the whole of life. Leila is away for years at school, and John for years fighting with Grant, on the Mississippi and in the Wilderness, but in time's due course their lives become united, as they were all the while destined to become. Dr. Mitchell has aimed to give us an "impression of the multitudinous contacts which affect human lives," and this he has done, minutely and with unfailing sympathy and insight. It is good for us to know these people, and it was good for them to have lived in the critical time in which their lot was cast. We have here a cross-section of typical American life during the decade 1855–65, and probably no other writer than Dr. Mitchell could have exhibited it to us in such just proportion and in so humane and philosophical a spirit.

It has long been an open secret that the anonymous novel "The Inner Shrine" and its two successors were the work of Mr. Basil King, and the authorship is now admitted on the title-page of his new novel, "The Way Home." We find this work less interesting than its predecessors, although it is fairly their match in character delineation and subtle analysis of motive. It fails, perhaps, more from an obtrusive didacticism than from anything else, for the author is too evidently sitting in judgment upon his hero instead of leaving the reader's decision to shape itself as the character is unfolded. Charlie Grace is the son of a clergyman, and is himself intended for his father's profession. But his growing manhood revolts against the hypocrisies that hedge that profession round, and his pleasure-loving instincts demand for their satisfaction a more worldly form of success. He goes into business and becomes materially successful, but in so doing hardens his heart toward his fellows, and does not hesitate to seize the opportunities within his grasp, building his achievement upon the failure of his rivals. At the climax of his selfish endeavor, he overreaches himself, and his plans are thwarted by the man whom he has supplanted. Married to a woman morally far too good for him, he becomes faithless to her in thought, although not in act, and is brought back to her in the end by the need of her

support when he is pulled up short in his career by a physician's indeterminate death-sentence. It is thus that he finds "the way home," but we doubt if he would have found it otherwise. There is much beautiful and impressive writing in these pages, but it smacks a little too much of the pulpit, and the process by which the hero's soul is supposed to be saved (by a narrow squeak) too closely resembles "conversion" to be taken for an unimpeachable ethical regeneration.

The American interest in "doing things" is chiefly responsible for the popularity of such books as Mr. Rex Beach's "The Iron Trail." The hero of this novel, an Alaskan promoter and railway contractor named Murray O'Neil, is the kind of man who accomplishes his purpose, no matter what the obstacles, and the fact that physical violence and general lawlessness are resorted to as a matter of course whenever they are found necessary only endears him the more to the readers who follow his fortunes with breathless interest. The big thing that O'Neil does is to wrest an Alaskan pass from the clutches of a rival claimant, and to carry a railway through it in the face of formidable difficulties. The difficulties are not those offered by nature alone, for in addition he has to contend with underhanded opposition, treachery, legal chicanery, and the failure of funds at the critical moment. It makes a big vivid story, crammed with action and sweetened with sentiment. Mr. Beach knows his Alaska well, and can describe its terrifying aspects very effectively. Otherwise, his book has not much style to speak of, and does not seem to need it by reason of its surplusage of dramatic interest. There are two girls mixed up with the action, and O'Neil, after dallying with one of them half-way through the book, shifts to the other and carries her off. In the course of the narrative, he has occasion to make much caustic comment upon the policy of the Interior Department in opposing the exploitation of Alaskan resources for private gain, and is evidently on the side of the men who go into the wilderness to win for themselves individual fortunes. Of course his vision is blinded by local prejudice, but he comes near to carrying our sympathies with him.

"Otherwise Phyllis" is a new "Hoosier Chronicle," even richer and racier than the earlier one, which marked Mr. Nicholson's transition from the ranks of the irresponsible entertainers to the small company of novelists who go about the exercise of their art seriously and hold it in respect. When we have completed the story of Phyllis, we have not only made the charming acquaintance of a real girl, but we have also learned more about life in Montgomery, Indiana, than several years of actual residence would have been likely to impart to us. We know the leading citizens of the town in their private characters and in their social and business relationships; we know the homes, the farms, the banks, the business offices; and we know the shady history of the Sycamore Traction Company. The outstanding characters in this novel are Montgomerys and Holtons. Many years before the story opens, Lois Montgomery had married Tom Kirkwood, a professor in the local college and afterwards a lawyer somewhat neglectful of his profession. Then Lois had scandalized the community by running away with the black sheep of the Holtons, leaving her husband with a baby daughter, "Otherwise Phyllis." Later, a divorce had set Kirkwood free, and marriage with Holton had regularized the social status of Lois, living on the Pacific coast. When we have got fairly well acquainted with the grown-up Phyllis, which means taking her to our hearts, and when we have come to know intimately her lovable father, her three fussy and snobbish aunts, and her substantial and crusty uncle, to say nothing of various Holtons, good and bad, we are prepared for the appearance of Lois upon the scene, and the complications that follow. Here is where the author scores heavily, for Lois does not return as the repentant sinner, begging to be forgiven, but as a level-headed woman of the world, who has long since sent the partner of her flight about his business, and who has made a large fortune in Western investments. She knows that her youthful escapade was foolish, but she has long since paid the penalty for that, and thinks the world should call it square. There is nothing morbid or brooding about her; she enjoys life and gets a good deal out of it; and she returns to Montgomery to see what sort of a girl her daughter has grown to be. She has reason to be entirely satisfied with Phyllis, and the affection which she offers is returned in full measure. From the standpoint of Phyllis, this newly-found mother is brilliant, companionable, and sympathetic, and why should she reject the love so freely offered because of those old, unhappy, far-off things that are to the girl nothing more than a misty family tradition. The way in which Mr. Nicholson steers clear of sloppy sentiment in all this business deserves our profound gratitude. The quality of matter-of-factness attaches to this story throughout, and this is what makes its art so genuine. The humor of the book is particularly deft; it is never made obtrusive, but it suffuses the entire narrative with a genial glow, and constitutes one of the chief elements of its charm.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The spiritual development of a great Unitarian.

What a man thinks and feels and believes is always so much more important than what he does, that in the case of any interesting personality we would, if we could, gladly exchange the outer facts for the inner impulses. But to give the true story of one's own inner life is so difficult that not often are we granted the privilege of such self-revelations. In "Charles Gordon Ames: A Spiritual Autobiography" (Houghton), we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name

may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul. Certainly, no one can read unmoved the first chapter, "The Religion of a Boy," revealing what a child can suffer from being misunderstood. Like many another youngster, he was regarded as heedless, perverse, unfaithful; his quickness to learn was merely a misfortune because it left him all the more time for mischief. Yet he was never long without serious thoughts; there was never a day when he could not have been reached by love and sweet reasonableness. The chapter entitled "How I Became a Preacher" is scarcely less touching. Before he was quite eighteen years old, his fellow church-members gave him a hearing in order to determine whether his "call to preach" was a true one. He was the janitor of the church, and lighted the vestry for the occasion. They listened to his sermon, held a meeting afterward, and voted to approve Brother Ames in publicly "improving his gift." His little vessel was launched and he felt himself in the ministry. Then followed experiences baffling enough to discourage any but the stoutest heart. Minnesota in the fifties was in its frontier stage; hither he went, established a church, and on a salary of two hundred dollars a year managed somehow to support his family, notwithstanding an expostulation from one member of his congregation on his extravagance in money matters! The important event of this period was a gradual change of his own religious views so great that conscience forced him to withdraw not only from the Free Baptist Church of Minneapolis, which he had organized five years before, but from the denomination altogether. The story of the next half-century is told in the concluding chapter, called "Fifty Years among the Unitarians." The Epilogue, written by Dr. Ames's daughter, Alice Ames Winter, contributes many interesting reminiscences and some fine tributes from personal friends. One of these tributes characterizes him as "the last figure of the great Unitarian group. There was no other quite so Emersonian. A hundred of his sermons were almost Emerson essays. He had Emerson's firm and quiet faith, his penetration and poetry of nature, his wit and humor and sententiousness, his gift for homely illustration, his buoyant optimism, and his democracy."

Reconciling religion and Darwinism.

"The Meaning of Evolution" (Macmillan), by Mr. Samuel Christian Schmucker, is a latter-day attempt at reconciling religion and Darwinism. According to one's point of view such a task will be regarded as either a work of supererogation or an impossibility. Looked at either way, this particular book does not impress one as an especially strong or deep contribution. Its style has a bit too much of Pecksniffian unctuosity to be relished. Even our theological faculties of the present day demand sterner and more filling intellectual pabulum than is furnished by Mr. Schmucker. A very dilute account of the principal factors and the course of organic evolution forms the concrete subject matter. From the biological side, the reviewer has not been able to discover in the book one single new idea, or even a novel development of a well-known one. The whole theory of the method of organic evolution is just now passing through a most interesting stage of development. Old ideas are being criticized, and new ones are being tested, with such rapidity as to make it a matter of some difficulty even for the specialist in this field to form a just estimate of the immediate status of expert opinion about the method of evolution. This condition of affairs would seem to afford both an opportunity and a stimulus to the popular writer. Liveliness and life seem somehow to be related. How far ahead of Mr. Schmucker are topics of current interest in evolution is indicated by the fact that the names of Mendel, Bergson, Driesch, Galton, and Karl Pearson are not even mentioned in his pages. The sole concession to modernism is a scant two pages (and a portrait) devoted to De Vries and his mutation theory. This discussion closes with the following truly precious thought: "Just at present it seems premature to believe that all evolution is by mutation, although quite possibly some of it is." The personal field-observations of the author, especially some of those on birds, form the one redeeming feature of the book. It has been said that a nearly infallible test of a writer's competency to discuss evolution is afforded by the way in which he spells the name of the most distinguished Neo-Darwinian. By this test the present author fails, since throughout the text "Weissman" is written, while curiously enough the legend of the plate facing p. 238 (presumably furnished by the publisher) correctly states that the gentlemen portrayed is "August Weismann." *Et de hoc satis.*

Greek art as the expression of Greek life.

In the diffusion of an intelligent love of art, the Bureau of University Travel in Boston has played an important part with its prints and publications; and its president, Dr. H. H. Powers, has been its leading apostle. As personal conductor, as lecturer, as author, he has spread the gospel of the beautiful in all parts of the land; and his utterances, on Italian art especially, are of wide acceptance. To these he has now added a volume on "The Message of Greek Art" (Macmillan), which will well repay careful study. From Winckelmann down, we have had many a history of Greek Art; but they have all stuck pretty close to their text as conceived in the word "Art." Dr. Powers apprehends that the emphasis would better be laid on "Greek." To him, "the subject is never dissociated in thought from its great background of Greek civilization, and it derives its chief interest to the writer from the fact that it so constantly reveals and interprets this larger fact. It is therefore the message of Greek art, what it has to tell us of the Greeks, of their personality, their ideals, and their experiences, that will chiefly concern us

rather than considerations of process or later accident." To this conception of his task the author generally holds true; the result being that we have a history of Greece and one of Greek art running in parallel channels, and each explaining the other. A difficult undertaking; and achieved, it must be admitted, with a high degree of success. Dr. Powers has never lost sight of the Greek national character as interpreted in art forms. Thus the curves of rosette, scroll, and cuttle-fish tentacles, so universal in Mycenæan decoration, are indicative of a gentle and effeminate civilization, just as "the harsh zigzags and bristling angles which marked the pottery of that civilization's successors and conquerors reflected in its turn a more rugged and martial nature." So again, in the elaborate coiffures, frills, and edgings which ornament the draped female figures of the Acropolis, Dr. Powers sees the influence of the benevolent but cramping tyranny of Pisistratus, under which true liberty was shackled and personality repressed. When he comes to the Great Age, it is Phidias who looms before him as a great statesman, whose life-work was to assist Pericles in making Athens imperially great, rather than that of a "mere" sculptor absorbed in his art. These are not all new views; but we have never seen them urged so eagerly and eloquently. Dr. Powers writes with an enthusiasm which is more of a challenge than an appeal; his style is high-colored, and rich in epigram and colloquialisms. Occasionally he forgets his perspective, as in his extended discussion of the nude in art, and his invective against some of the yardstick critics and Philistines who are found even in studios and lecture-rooms. The book is fascinating throughout; but, like other fascinating books of criticism, must be read with some reserves. The 137 illustrations are beautiful and well-chosen; some of them reproducing statues which we have not seen in other works of the kind, — *e. g.*, the Vatican Eros and the Boston Zeus. In speaking of the marble copies of Polyclitus's Hera, the fine head found by the American School at Argos, and now in Athens, is rather oddly omitted. A few misprints should be noted: "Lybia" (p 41), "Colonnus" (p. 128), "properous" (p. 129), "coralled" (p. 210).

A girl's diary in war-time.

A high-spirited daughter of the Confederacy has left a vivacious record of harrowing war-time experiences in a volume now published by her son after her death, and entitled by him "A Confederate Girl's Diary" (Houghton). Sarah Morgan, afterward Mrs. Sarah Morgan Dawson, as her name appears on the title-page, was the daughter of Judge Thomas Gibbes Morgan of Baton Rouge; and it was at or near Baton Rouge and New Orleans that she lived through such times as may well have tried men's souls, to say nothing of women's. Her diary, begun in the spring of 1862 as a distraction from the glooms and horrors of the period, extends to the summer of 1865, and is necessarily devoted mostly to the minor and nearer happenings in the writer's little world. But as death and disaster visited her home and neighborhood in the progress of the war, she developed a cordial hatred of the Yankees and expressed herself vigorously in denunciation of their atrocities. "And this is WAR!" she writes on an early page. "Heaven save me from like scenes and experiences again." There was worse to come, however. Her description of the wrecked and pillaged homestead at Baton Rouge is moving indeed. In her satirical thrusts at "good, kind General Butler" we see her laughing through her tears. Her account, as an eye-witness, of the burning of the Confederate vessel "Arkansas" by her crew after her machinery had broken down, in order to prevent her capture by the "Essex," would seem to throw new light on what has hitherto been accepted as a Federal victory. As the production of a young girl of little formal education, the diary is surprisingly vivid and vigorous in its style. Written often in the hurry and panic of perilous times, it maintains a certain unstudied finish of manner that is remarkable. Mr. Warrington Dawson, the diarist's son, who transcribed the faded pages for publication, gives assurance that he has altered nothing, only omitted a few passages of purely personal or family interest. He has furnished the book with a biographical introduction, and there are portraits and other illustrative material.

Studies in English by an American scholar.

The posthumous volume of studies by Frank Egbert Bryant, Associate Professor of English in the University of Kansas, entitled "The History of English Balladry, and Other Studies" (Badger), brings together a notable group of essays on subjects connected with the English language and literature. The title-essay is the outgrowth of a doctoral thesis at Harvard, and presents a valuable account of the emergence of the English ballad in early times, and of its development through the reign of Elizabeth. Wise and deep scholarship are reflected here in a study which, although uncompleted, will be of constant service to students in this field. It is unfortunate that the proofreading has not been done by someone familiar with Middle English, for there are instances in which *thorn* and the letter *p* have been sadly confused. The second essay, on Lessing's "Laocoön," was printed in 1906, at the University of Michigan, and has already received praise from eminent authorities in America and in Europe. A clear and penetrating analysis is made of Lessing's *dicta* regarding Description, and his inconsistencies are laid bare; then the essay goes on, progressively, building up a theory of Description which contains matter very suggestive to students of this subject. As an instance of acute application of the newer views of psychological æsthetics, this study deserves close attention, especially from young teachers. The brief papers that form the latter part of the volume are connected with subjects linguistic and phonetic, appealing chiefly to the specialist, — although the study of "Conservation in Language"

will engage the interest of any thoughtful reader. The loss that American scholarship has suffered in Professor Bryant's death at the outset of his career is a loss that can be ill-sustained. We need, very greatly, just such scholars,—quiet, profound, and tireless in their scrutiny of facts and of theories. Sound knowledge, combined with power of resistance to conventional dogma and a tenacious skill in penetrating to the centre of matters, characterized the work of Dr. Bryant. With years of study under leaders at Michigan, at Yale, and at Harvard, with experience in libraries abroad, and with the prestige of work already noted in high places, he was equipped to enter upon a life of unusually vital scholarship. This volume is a significant contribution to our library of critical investigation in the field of English.

New gleanings from the prose of Swinburne.

The volume entitled "A Pilgrimage of Pleasure: Essays and Studies" (Badger) by Algernon Charles Swinburne is made up of gleanings from the scattered prose writings of the poet. Some of the eight numbers included—the "Dead Love" of 1862, the essay on Dickens published in the "Quarterly Review," 1902, and "An Unknown Poet [Wells]" published in the "Fortnightly Review," 1875—are not so difficult of access as to make the present reprint a particular boon, but for the others we may well be grateful, as for the full bibliography that has been prepared by Mr. Edward J. O'Brien. "A Pilgrimage of Pleasure" is taken from "The Children of the Chapel," a tale by Mrs. Disney Leith, published in 1864. It is a morality, accepted as Swinburne's by most of the bibliographical specialists, and in our opinion bearing the sign manual of the poet upon almost every line. It exhibits Swinburne's uncanny imitative powers as unmistakably as any of the pieces in the first "Poems and Ballads" or as the border ballads of a later date. The critical essay on Baudelaire and the note on Meredith's "Modern Love" may both be found in the files of the "Spectator" for 1862, but we are glad that we no longer have to resort to that source to read them. The Baudelaire essay, indeed, belongs with Swinburne's most finished critical studies. The notes on Simeon Solomon are dated 1871, come from a forgotten ephemeral periodical, "The Dark Blue," and call our attention to a forgotten artist, whom even a Swinburnian eulogy has not been sufficient to save from oblivion. Much the same may be said of John Nichol's "Hannibal," which the poet eulogized in the "Fortnightly Review" for 1872. The chief interest for us of Mr. O'Brien's bibliography is the revelation which it affords of the great number of fugitive items, existing only in private editions of twenty copies or less, which the general reader has no chance of seeing. Surely something must be done to make these things accessible. We note that the bibliographer gives recognition to THE DIAL for being the first to publish two of Swinburne's poems (vol. XLVII., pp. 504–5).

Walks and talks in music land.

A work offered as "a handbook for young people" which many grown ups will also welcome is "In Music Land" (Browne & Howell Co.), by the veteran musical critic, Mr. George P. Upton. Its purpose is to introduce the reader to an acquaintance with the life-stories of the great composers, with the origin and structure of the most popular forms of musical composition, and with the chief musical instruments used by the orchestra and the special qualities of each as mediums of conveying musical thoughts and feelings. Precisely such a work as this, so entirely free from technicalities, has not been undertaken before; and Mr. Upton is precisely the man best fitted to have written it. For not only does he understand and love music, but he understands and loves children; and we venture to guess that "Dorothy" and the others to whom the stories are told regard him as quite one of themselves. In the twelve biographies beginning with Bach and ending with Verdi, perhaps the most notable fact brought out by the writer is the almost invariable sadness and harshness of these musicians' childhoods. Mendelssohn seems almost the only exception. Commenting on this, Mr. Upton philosophizes thus: "Perhaps that is one reason why his music is always graceful, refined, and beautiful, though it is not as great as that of the composers who have suffered. . . . When Elf-Land seems far away, and the leaves are falling, and the sky grows gray, you will turn to the greater masters." Discussing the Orchestra and its instruments, the author is particularly happy in his characterizations. For example, the harp is called "the hermit thrush of the family because it is a lovely singer . . . the only one that has got into Heaven . . . the favorite of the angels." The "Postlude" is eloquent, and surely should do much to banish from the youthful mind the tendency to regard the study of music as drudgery, or, at best, a mere frill to more serious pursuits. "It is the one art which above all others enhances the joy of the world, the one which above all others inspires to action, the one above all others which rests you when weary, which consoles you when sorrowful. . . . No other labor brings such rich spiritual compensation or abundant pleasure." Many quaint illustrations by Mr. James Bloomfield help to make this volume a particularly choice gift for all, young or old, who seek elementary musical knowledge.

An Admiral's recollections of two wars.

A native "faculty for making things happen" was responsible for sundry exciting and not always agreeable occurrences in the boyhood and youth of Admiral Dewey, and it came near to causing his premature and inglorious departure from Annapolis at the end of his first year in the Naval Academy. But it was his destiny to make a more graceful exit three years later, and very soon afterward to show himself as capable a disciplinarian and commanding officer as he had been daring and resourceful in defying authority. His "Autobiography" (Scrib-

ner), written at last in his seventy-sixth year with the natural reluctance of a man of distinguished achievement to talk about his deeds, and only produced at the repeated solicitation of friends, as his preface duly sets forth, gives with conciseness, and yet in a style that proves highly readable, the main facts of his ancestry, education, naval experience under Farragut at New Orleans and his later service in the Civil War, in the course of which he was the executive officer of nine successive ships, his part in the building of our modern navy, his appointment to the command of the Asiatic squadron, the battle of Manila Bay and the complex responsibilities imposed upon the victor immediately thereafter, and the chief events of his later peaceful years. In his account of the naval operations directed by Farragut, of the subsequent assault on Fort Fisher under Admiral Porter's leadership, and of the operations that ended in the complete destruction of the Spanish squadron at Manila, there is no lack of movement and thrill. Appended documents treat of details in the important occurrences in the Philippines during those critical months of 1898. Pictures of war vessels and portraits of their officers abound. A confusing error in dates occurs (p. 205) in the account of movements immediately preceding the battle of Manila Bay. Otherwise, with few exceptions, the book shows evidence of adequate care in its preparation, for which indebtedness is acknowledged to Mr. Frederick Palmer.

One who sided with the under dog.

The late Edward A. Moseley, Secretary of the Interstate Commerce Commission from its organization in 1887 until his death in 1911, was a whole-hearted champion of the defenceless employee whose occupation exposed him to peculiar risks resulting in loss of life or limb. His part in securing the passage of the first safety-appliance act and the employers' liability act, with other services to his fellow-men, is well and fully told by Mr. James Morgan, a close friend of his for many years, in a substantial volume entitled "The Life Work of Edward A. Moseley in the Service of Humanity" (Macmillan). Though the son of a wealthy father and belonging by birth to the aristocracy of Newburyport, Moseley was a democrat at heart, a strenuous toiler by choice, and always the true friend of the people, with whom he mingled unaffectedly all his life. A year's experience as a common sailor under the harshest of captains and with the roughest of shipmates had early proved of what stuff he was made. Characteristic of the man was his organizing of a strike among the workmen of his own firm, in order to have a pretext for raising their wages. The book abounds in similar instances of disinterested endeavor, usually successful, to improve the condition of the laboring classes. Extracts from his correspondence and from other documents of interest are inserted here and there. A link connecting Mr. Moseley with the literary world is found in his relationship to Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, whose sister he married, and with whom he and his family maintained terms of intimacy. Portraits, views, appended matter, and index round out the book's equipment as a well-executed piece of work.

Short sketches of Welsh life and character.

Miss Bertha Thomas well knows how to sprinkle her page with Doric dialogue in such wise as to impart an air of verisimilitude to what might otherwise be a bald and unconvincing narrative. Her "Picture Tales from Welsh Hills" (Browne & Howell Co.) consists of nine stories and sketches abounding in rapid portraiture of Welsh character and customs, Welsh oddities and superstitions, Welsh habits of thought and speech. In the opening story, "The Madness of Winifred Owen," the heroine rids herself of the attentions of an unwelcome lover by taking a subtle poison that renders her temporarily insane, and afterward marries the man of her choice. The longest tale in the book, "The Way He Went," gives the history of a phenomenally intellectual country lad who achieves an Oxford education, grieves his mother by taking to wife a girl not of his own country, and dies an early death. A sketch entitled "Comic Objects of the Country" presents in amusing form the impressions of a London gamin on being sent to an industrial school in rural Wales. Of such trifles is the book compounded, but the story-teller's art makes them worth while. Even the minor characters are made to stand out in distinct shape by a skilful stroke or two of the pen, as the schoolmaster Macpherson, "whose career had been checked by a moral scrape of his youth," and whose ambition, "under the slur of it, had finally settled down to the lifelong position of an assistant master, manufacturing brilliant products rather than shining as one himself." Some aberrations in the writer's English, perhaps attributable to the contagious influence of the Welsh idiom, will be noted here and there by a critical reader, who will grieve at Miss Thomas's unabashed use of "enthuse," without apologetic quotation marks, and at her disregard of a good old rule of grammar in speaking of "the unkindest cut of the two."

BRIEFER MENTION.

"The Poems and Ballads of Robert Louis Stevenson," in complete form, are now for the first time brought within the covers of a single volume, of good typography and comfortable dimensions. A photogravure portrait of the author is included by way of frontispiece. Messrs. Scribner are the publishers.

To have offered him in good cloth-bound editions at fifty cents each three such valuable works in his field as Dr. Ely's "Evolution of Industrial Society," Mr. Franklin Pierce's "The Tariff and the Trusts," and Dr. Devine's "Misery and its Causes" is a boon for which the student of public affairs cannot fail to be sincerely grateful. These volumes comprise late additions to the "Macmillan Standard Library." To this series have also been added Professor F. B. Tarbell's "History of Greek Art" and Mr. W. H. Goodyear's "Renaissance and Modern Art."

NOTES.

Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton is preparing a volume on Charles Kingsley for the "English Men of Letters" series.

M. Jean Finot, author of "Problems of the Sexes," has recently completed a volume which Messrs. Putnam will soon publish in an English translation entitled "The Science of Happiness."

The extended biography of Francis Thompson, upon which his friend Mr. Everard Meynell has been at work for two or three years past, will shortly be issued in this country by Messrs. Scribner.

Mr. Howard Elliott, recently appointed president of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford lines, has written a book entitled "The Truth about the Railroads," which Houghton Mifflin Co. will publish at once.

A life of Dr. Munger of the United Church of New Haven, by his friend and fellow-minister, Dr. Benjamin Wisner Bacon, is announced by the Yale University Press. The book is to bear the title, "Life of Dr. Theodore Thornton Munger, New England Minister."

The works of Samuel Butler, the gifted author of "Erewhon" to whom we devoted an article in our last issue, are gradually being issued in American editions. Messrs. Dutton now announce his travel book, "Alps and Sanctuaries," in a new edition edited by Mr. R. A. Streatfeild.

"The Constitution of Matter," to be published this month by Houghton Mifflin Co., is made up of six lectures delivered by Professor Joseph Sweetland Ames of Johns Hopkins University. They set forth the latest discoveries and theories in regard to molecules, atoms, radiation, etc.

Stephen Jenkins, whose death at the age of fifty-six was reported two weeks ago, had recently completed a volume on "The Old Boston Post Road," which Messrs. Putnam will publish this month. Mr. Jenkins was also the author of "The Greatest Street in the World" and "The Story of the Bronx."

Three books just announced by Mr. John Howell, a San Francisco bookseller who is now to enter the publishing field, are the following: "Brunelleschi," by Mr. John Galen Howard; "The Fall of Ug: A Masque of Fear," by Mr. Rufus Steele; and "The Runner's Bible," compiled and annotated by Mr. N. S. Holm.

The well-known "Photogravure Series" published by the John C. Winston Co. will soon receive the addition of a volume on "French Canada and the St. Lawrence: Historical, Picturesque, and Descriptive," by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins. Twelve photogravure plates, from original photographs, will illustrate the work.

"English Dramatic Poetry," by Professor Felix Schelling, "English Elegiac, Didactic, and Religious Poetry," by Very Rev. H. C. Beeching, and "English History and Schools of History," by Professor Richard Lodge, are three shortly forthcoming volumes in Messrs. Dutton's "Channels of English Literature" series.

Mr. Edwin A. Brown is a well-to-do citizen of Denver, who believes that the way to investigate social conditions is to put yourself in the other fellow's place. He also believes that the great problem before us to-day is the problem of taking care of the temporarily unemployed — the wandering, homeless, penniless workingman. To find out what our big cities are doing to meet this problem, Mr. Brown set out on a tour of the country in the guise of a man without employment, but willing to work. His experiences will be published this month by Browne & Howell Co., under the title "Broke: The Man Without the Dime," and will be illustrated from photographs.

Mrs. Sara Andrew Shafer, an occasional contributor to THE DIAL and the author of several published books, was killed in an automobile accident on October 18, near her home in La Porte, Ind. Her writings include "The Day before Yesterday," "Beyond Chance of Change," "A White Paper Garden," and volumes on Annapolis, Frederick, and Mackinac in the "Historic Towns" series.

"The Life of Florence Nightingale" will be published very shortly by Messrs. Macmillan. It is from the pen of Sir E. T. Cook, who has had access to the family papers, and so has been enabled to give for the first time a full account of this remarkable woman. The biography will be found to possess a special significance as correcting and supplementing what its author describes as "a popular legend," though only in the direction of enhancing the greatness of a noble life. It will consist of two volumes and will be furnished with interesting portraits and other illustrations.

A collection of "Folk-Ballads of Southern Europe," transcribed and translated from many Romance languages and dialects by the late Sophie Jewett, will be published immediately by Messrs. Putnam. Miss Jewett's last work was done on these ballads, and they are said to reveal her art in its delicacy and in its strength. The original texts are printed on pages facing the translations. Notes giving the history of ballad-texts and indicating the analogues of the different ballads have been added by the editor, Professor Katharine Lee Bates, who has incorporated many extracts from the lecture notes of Miss Jewett's college course on the ballads and many of her rough translations not included in this collection.

William Garrott Brown, an historical writer of notable achievement and promise, died at New Canaan, Conn., October 19, at the age of forty-five. From 1893 to 1901 he was assistant librarian at Harvard, and during the following year lectured there on American history. Besides an "Official Guide to Harvard University" and numerous contributions to "The Atlantic" and other periodicals, he is the author of "A History of Alabama," "Andrew Jackson," "Stephen Arnold Douglas," "The Lower South in American History," "Golf," "A Gentleman of the South," "The Foe of Compromise and Other Essays," and a "Life of Oliver Ellsworth" Since 1908 he had been on the editorial staff of "Harper's Weekly."

Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology have united in establishing a School for Health Officers, and the "Catalogue and Announcement," an interesting pamphlet of forty-one pages, will be sent to applicants by Mr. Roger Pierce, President's Office, Harvard University. The new school is not to be confused with the Harvard course leading to the degree of Doctor of Public Health (Dr. P. H.); the two are independent of each other, and the school will confer no degree, but will give a Certificate of Public Health (C.P.H.) "to candidates who have satisfactorily completed the studies in their approved schedule, who have spent not less than one academic year in residence, and who have otherwise complied with all requirements."

The Princeton University Press, recently organized, announces the formation of a Committee on Publications, composed of Dean William F. Magie, Professor Edward Capps, Professor Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., Professor Frank Albert Fetter, and Professor Varnum Lansing Collins. This Committee will consider all manuscripts and proposals for publication, and the right to authorize publications with the imprint of the Press rests solely with this Committee. Since organization, the University Press has been developing its manufacturing business, which is now self-supporting and housed in a handsome and well-equipped building. With their organization perfected and with their own plant capable of manufacturing any publications they may issue, the University Press now looks forward to a steady development of its publishing business. Already a few books have been issued, and many more are projected. Among the latter are "The Beginnings of Libraries," by Mr. Ernest C. Richardson, to be published this year.

News of several promising autumn biographies, not yet announced on this side, reaches us from London. Among others we note the following: "Memories of Charles Dickens," by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald; "Life of Wagner," by Mr. John F. Runciman; "J. M. Synge and the Irish Literary Theatre," by M. Maurice Bourgeois; "George Borrow and His Circle," by Mr. Clement K. Shorter; "Life of Meredith," by Mr. Thomas Seccombe; "Goldwin Smith: His Life and Opinions," by Mr. Arnold Haultain; "Oscar Wilde and Myself," by Lord Alfred Douglas; "Coleridge and Wordsworth in the West Country: Their Friendship, Work, and Surroundings," by Professor Knight; "Contemporary Portraits," by Mr. Frank Harris; "Life of James Hinton," by Mrs. Havelock Ellis; "Twenty-Five Years: Reminiscences," by Mrs. Katharine T. Hinkson; "Memoir of Arthur John Butler," by Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch; "Shakespeare Personally," by the late Professor Masson; 'Lord Lister: His Life and Work," by Dr. G. T. Wrench; and "Ouida: A Memoir," by Miss Elizabeth Lee.

Reuben Gold Thwaites, whose work in the field of Western history has made his name familiar to every American historical student, died in Madison, Wis., on October 22. He was born in Dorchester, Mass., in 1853, and in 1866 removed to Wisconsin. From 1876 to 1886 he was managing editor of the "Wisconsin State Journal," published in Madison. In 1886 he was elected secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, and editor of the society's "collections," which positions he has occupied continuously since. He was President of the American Library Association in 1900, and has held various other prominent offices of an active or honorary sort. His first published work, "Down Historic Waterways," appeared in 1888; this was followed at intervals of two or three years by "The Story of Wisconsin," "The Colonies, 1492–1750," "Our Cycling Tour in England," "On the Storied Ohio," volumes on Father Marquette and Daniel Boone in the "Pioneers of America" series, a "Brief History of Rocky Mountain Exploration," "France in America," a volume on Wisconsin for the "American Commonwealths" series, besides several other books of educational or other more specialized character. Perhaps Dr. Thwaites's most valuable work was his editorial labors upon "The Jesuit Relations," published in seventy-three volumes during 1896–1901, which will always remain a noble monument of historical scholarship. He also edited the series of "Early Western Travels, 1748–1846," in thirty-six volumes, authoritative editions of the Lewis and Clark Journals, Father Hennepin's "New Discovery," Lahontan's "New Voyages to North America," Kinzie's "Wau Bun," and several other middle Western historical sources. Older readers of THE DIAL will recall with pleasure Dr. Thwaites's not infrequent contributions to these pages in the eighties and nineties.

During the autumn the Oxford University Press will add the following titles to their various well-known series. In the "Oxford Poets," "The Poetical Works of William Blake," edited by Mr. John Sampson, and "A Century of Parody and Imitation," edited by Messrs. W. Jerrold and R. M. Leonard. In the "Oxford Editions of Standard Authors," "Andersen's Fairy Tales," edited by Mr. W. A. Craigie; Goldsmith's "The Bee," "Essays," and "Life of Nash"; Kingsley's "Heroes: Greek Fairy Tales for My Children"; Kingsley's Poems, 1848–70; Macaulay's Essays; William Morris's Prose and Poetry, 1856–70; and Dante Gabriel Rossetti's Poems and Translations, etc., 1850–70. In the "World's Classics," Keble's "Christian Year" and "Lyra Innocentium"; William Morris's "Defence of Guenevere, Life and Death of Jason, and Other Poems"; Christina Rossetti's "Goblin Market, The Prince's Progress, and Other Poems"; Whittier's "Selected Poems"; Wordsworth's "Selected Poems"; Mrs. Gaskell's "Round the Sofa," with Introduction by Mr. C. K. Shorter; "The Lord of the Harvest," by Miss M. Betham-Edwards, with Introduction by Mr. Frederic Harrison; "Selected English Letters (XV.–XIX. Centuries)," edited by Messrs. M. Duckitt and H. Wragg; and "Selected English Speeches, from Burke to Gladstone," edited by Mr. Edgar R. Jones.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

November, 1913.

America, Talks to. G. K. Chesterton . . . . . *Century*
America, The Riddle of. Guglielmo Ferrero . . *Atlantic*
Anthropology, Fifty Years of. Ernst Haeckel . *No. Amer.*
Art, The Paradox of. Walter M. Cabot . . . . *Forum*
Australian Bypaths. Norman Duncan . . . . *Harper*
Australia's New Capital. Hugh H. Lusk . . . . *Forum*
Babylon, A Day at. Lewis R. Freeman . . . . *Atlantic*
Beauty, The Gospel of—III. Nicholas V. Lindsay *Forum*
Blackburn, Mount, First Up. Dora Keen . *World's Work*
Bulgaria and the Treaty of Bucharest. Svetozar Tonjoroff . . . . . *North American*
Business Success Secrets—I. E. M. Woolley *World's Work*
Butterflies, Peruvian. Millicent Todd . . . . . *Forum*
Catholic Church, A. L. J. Eddy . . . . . *Forum*
Child Development, Scientific Study of. J. B. Miner *Pop. Sci.*
Civic Progress in America. Victor Branford . . . *Forum*
College Democracy, The Struggle for. John Corbin *Century*
Conversation. Agnes Repplier . . . . . *Century*
Currency, Elastic. James R. Merriam . . *World's Work*
Currency Bill, How to Amend the. F. A. Vanderlip *N. Amer.*
Democracy, A Practicable Organization of. J. N. Larned . . . . . *Atlantic*
Design, Ideas of, in East and West. Laurence Binyon *Atl.*
Dietetics, The History of. J. B. Nichols *Popular Science*
Diplomatic Service, Our Disorganized. J. D. Whelpley *Century*
Diplomat's Wife, A, in Washington. Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone . . . . . *Harper*
Education, A Revolution in, and Its Cause. Leonard P. Ayres . . . . . *Lippincott*
Eglinton, John. Ernest A. Boyd . . . *North American*

Electrification, Contact. Fernando Sanford . *Pop. Science*
Employment Plan, A Scientific. B. J. Hendrick *Rev. of Revs.*
England, Notes on. Vernon Lee . . . . . *Scribner*
Englishman, The Heretical. Carl S. Hansen . . . *Forum*
Eskimo, Religious Beliefs of the. Vilhjálmur Stefánsson . . . . . *Harper*
Eugenics, Economic Factors in. W. L. Holt *Pop. Science*
Flying. Ida M. Tarbell . . . . . *American*
Gettysburg, The Vision of. Robert U. Johnson *No. Amer.*
Girl, The English, in Fiction. Mrs. W. L. Courtney . . . . . *North American*
Glow-Worm, The. Henri Fabre . . . . . *Century*
Guiana, Falls of, and Beyond. Henry E. Crampton *Harper*
Health Menace, The, of Alien Races. Charles T. Nesbit . . . . . *World's Work*
Homesteader, Letters of a — II. Elinore Rupert *Atlantic*
Housing, Good, The Progress of. S. M. Cragier *Rev. of Revs.*
Illegitimacy in Hungary. C. Townley-Fullam . . *Forum*
Immigration, Economic Consequences of. E. A. Ross *Century*
Industrial Conciliation, Art of. M. M. Marks *Rev. of Revs.*
Japan, Motoring in. Melvin A. Hall . . . . . *Century*
Job, Call of the. Richard C. Cabot . . . . . *Atlantic*
Justice, Swift and Cheap — II. George W. Alger . . . . . *World's Work*
Land Values, American, Increase of. Scott Nearing . . . . . *Popular Science*
Law, Equality before the. A. L. Hudson . . . *Atlantic*
McKinley, Mt., Ascent of. Hudson Stuck . . . *Scribner*
McReynolds, James C. Burton J. Hendrick *World's Work*
Manchu Court, Secret Annals of the. E. Backhouse and J. O. P. Bland . . . . . *Atlantic*
Medical Education, German Side of. Abraham Flexner . . . . . *Atlantic*
Men of Mark. Alvin Langdon Coburn . . . . . *Forum*
Militant Women, The, and Women. Edna Kenton. *Century*
Mississippi, Petrified Forest of. C. S. Brown. *Pop. Science*
Morals, Our Supervised. Louise C. Willcox. *N. American*
Motor Trucks, Buying and Operating. W. A. McDermid . . . . . *Review of Reviews*
Mutual Aid, The Art of. John L. Mathews. . . *Harper*
Navy, The Newer. Enrique Muller, Jr. . *World's Work*
Palestine, Jewish Colonization in. O. F. Cook. *Pop. Science*
Panama, Glory of. Ray S. Baker. . . . . *American*
Politics, The New World in. Jesse Macy. *Rev. of Reviews*
Primary, The Direct. Karl A. Bickel. . *Rev. of Reviews*
Prisoner, The. — II. Winifred Louise Taylor. . *Scribner*
Public Man, The High-Minded. W. D. Howells. *No. Amer.*
Public School Teacher, Day's Work of a. Adèle M. Shaw . . . . . *World's Work*
Puritan, The, and the Prodigal. Mrs. Havelock Ellis *Forum*
Rhinoceros and Hippopotamus, The African. Theodore Roosevelt . . . . . *Scribner*
Rocks, The Friendly. John Burroughs . . . . *Harper*
Royce, Professor, and the Problem of Christianity. John T. Driscoll . . . . . *North American*
Rural Schools, Problems of. Mary A. Grupe. *Pop. Science*
Samaritan, Good, The World's. Carl Crow. *World's Work*
Slum, The Battle with the. Jacob A. Riis. . . *Century*
Smith, Goldwin, — Why He Came to America. Arnold Haultain . . . . . *North American*
Syrian Household, A. A. M. Rihbany . . . . *Atlantic*
Thompson, Francis, Poetry of. M. D. Armstrong . *Forum*
Time, Past Master of Illusion. C. L. B. Shuddemagen *Forum*
Traubel, Horace: Democrat. Paul Hanna . . . *Forum*
Ulster, The Problem of. Sydney Brooks *North American*
Underwood-Simmons Tariff, The. N. I. Stone *Rev. of Revs.*
Union-Pacific-Southern-Pacific Egg, Unscrambling the. Edward S. Mead . . . . . *Lippincott*
Venice, Unusual. Mary Heaton Vorse . . . . *Harper*
Vision, Color, and Modern Art. H. G. Keller and J. J. R. Macleod . . . . . *Popular Science*
War. Bernard Iddings Bell . . . . . *Atlantic*
Wilson, "Chinese" — Plant Hunter. Leonard Barron . . . . . *World's Work*
Wilson, Six Months of. George Harvey . *North American*
Zoölogical Garden, The National. R. W. Shufeldt *Pop. Sci.*

List of New Books.

[The following list, containing 243 titles, includes books received by The Dial *since its last issue.]*

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Memoirs of an American Prima Donna. By Clara Louise Kellogg (Mme. Strakosch). Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 382 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

Memoirs of Li Hung Chang. Edited by W. F. Mannix; with Introduction by John W. Foster. With frontispiece in photogravure, large 8vo, 298 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3. net.

Early Memories. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Large 8vo, 362 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Anthony Trollope: His Public Services, Private Friends, and Literary Originals. By T. H. S. Escott. Illustrated, large 8vo, 351 pages. John Lane Co. $3.50 net.

Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life: With Some Account of Her Distinguished Friends. By Loie Fuller; with Introduction by Anatole France. Illustrated, 8vo, 288 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. $2. net.

William of Germany. By Stanley Shaw, LL.D. With photogravure portrait, 8vo, 395 pages. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

The Public Prosecutor of the Terror: Fouquier-Tinville. Translated from the French of Alphonse Dunoyer by A. W. Evans. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 320 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75 net.

Unruly Daughters: A Romance of the House of Orléans. By H. Noel Williams. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 379 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4. net.

A Woman Rice Planter. By Patience Pennington; with Introduction by Owen Wister. Illustrated, 8vo, 450 pages. Macmillan Co. $2. net.

Aaron Hill: Poet, Dramatist, Projector. By Dorothy Brewster, Ph.D. With portrait, 12mo, 300 pages. Columbia University Press. $1.50 net.

HISTORY.

Chicago and the Old Northwest, 1673-1835: A Study of the Evolution of the Northwestern Frontier, together with a History of Fort Dearborn. By Milo Milton Quaife, Ph.D. Illustrated, large 8vo, 480 pages. University of Chicago Press. $4. net.

The Quakers in Great Britain and America: The Religious and Political History of the Society of Friends from the Seventeenth to the Twentieth Century. By Charles Frederick Holder, LL.D. Illustrated, large 8vo, 669 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. $6. net.

The Renaissance: Savonarola, Cesare Borgia, Julius II., Leo X., Michael Angelo. By Arthur Count Gobineau. English edition, edited by Oscar Levy. Illustrated, 8vo, 348 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75 net.

Twenty Centuries of Paris. By Mabell S. C. Smith. Illustrated, 8vo, 400 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $2. net.

Famous Modern Battles. By A. Hilliard Atteridge. With maps, 8vo, 401 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. $1.75 net.

The Federal Systems of the United States and the British Empire: Their Origin, Nature, and Development. By Arthur P. Poley. 8vo, 453 pages. Little, Brown & Co.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Letters of Charles Eliot Norton. With biographical comment by Sara Norton and M. A. De Wolfe Howe. In 2 volumes; illustrated in photogravure, etc. Houghton Mifflin Co. $5. net.

Our Eternity. By Maurice Maeterlinck; translated from the French by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. 12mo, 258 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

American Ideals: Character and Life. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. 12mo, 341 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Dandies and Men of Letters. By Leon H. Vincent. Illustrated, large 8vo, 314 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3. net.

The Drama To-day. By Charlton Andrews. 8vo, 226 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50 net.

A Kingdom of Two: A True Romance of Country Life. By Helen R. Albee. Illustrated, 12mo, 322 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Thoughts and After-thoughts. By Herbert Beerbohm Tree. With frontispiece, 8vo, 316 pages. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.50 net.

Roads from Rome. By Anne C. E. Allinson. 12mo, 215 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

New Brooms. By Robert J. Shores. 12mo, 262 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.25 net.

L'Amerique et le Rêve Exotique dans la Littérature Française. 12mo, 448 pages. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie. Paper.

The Art of Short-Story Writing Simplified. By Modeste Hannis Jordan, Litt.D. 18mo, 57 pages. New York: Hannis Jordan Co. 50 cts. net.

BOOKS OF VERSE.

Lyrics and Dramas. By Stephen Phillips. 12mo, 179 pages. John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

Last Poems, including "Afterglow" and "Beyond the Sunset." By Julia C. R. Dorr. With photogravure portrait, 12mo, 206 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

The Poem Book of the Gael: Translations from Irish Gaelic Poetry into English Prose and Verse. Selected and edited by Eleanor Hull. 12mo, 370 pages. Browne & Howell Co. $1.60 net.

A Wand and Strings, and Other Poems. By Benjamin R. C. Low. 12mo, 137 pages. John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

Love and Liberation: The Songs of Adsched of Meru, and Other Poems. By John Hall Wheelock. 12mo, 211 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1.50 net.

The Faun, and Other Poems. By Genevieve Farnell-Bond. 12mo, 91 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1. net.

Poems. By Sister M. Blanche. 12mo, 58 pages. New York: The Devin-Adair Co.

Perlen Englischer Dichtung in Deutscher Fassung. 8vo, 221 pages. Published by the author.

FICTION.

The Coryston Family. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Illustrated, 12mo, 329 pages. Harper & Brothers. $1.35 net.

T. Tembarom. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Illustrated, 12mo, 518 pages. Century Co. $1.40 net.

Hagar. By Mary Johnston. 12mo, 390 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.40 net.

The Maid of the Forest. By Randall Parrish. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 426 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.35 net.

Van Cleve. By Mary S. Watts. 12mo, 396 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.35 net.

Watersprings. By Arthur Christopher Benson. 12mo, 369 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.

Robin Hood's Barn. By Alice Brown. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo, 225 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

The Honorable Senator Sage-Brush. By Francis Lynde. With frontispiece, 12mo, 411 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35 net.

The Twins of Suffering Creek. By Ridgwell Cullum. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 367 pages. George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.

Sons and Lovers. By D. H. Lawrence. 12mo, 517 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.35 net.

Valentine. By Grant Richards. 12mo, 317 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.35 net.

The Poison Belt: Being an Account of Another Amazing Adventure of Professor Challenger. By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Illustrated, 12mo, 252 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.20 net.

Rose of the Garden: The Romance of Lady Sarah Lennox. By Katharine Tynan. Illustrated, 12mo, 363 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.35 net.

The Honour of the House. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser and J. I. Stahlmann. 12mo, 418 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.30 net.

In Midsummer Days. By August Strindberg; translated from the Swedish by Ellie Schleussner. 12mo, 176 pages. McBride, Nast & Co. $1.25 net.

His Father's Wife. By J. E. Patterson. 12mo, 391 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.35 net.

The Human Desire. By Violet Irwin. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 431 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. $1.35 net.

Sonnie-Boy's People. By James B. Connolly. Illustrated, 12mo, 363 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

What Happened in the Night, and Other Stories. By James Hopper. 12mo, 236 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25 net.

The Main Road. By Maude Radford Warren. With frontispiece, 12mo, 391 pages. Harper & Brothers. $1.35 net.

The White Thread. By Robert Halifax. 12mo, 374 pages. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.25 net.

The Streak. By David Potter. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo, 348 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25 net.

Sin Within. By Harriet Hobson. 12mo, 351 pages. George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.

Blister Jones. By John Taintor Foote. Illustrated, 12mo, 324 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.20 net.

The Ripple. By Miriam Alexander. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 375 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.

Divided: A Story of the Veldt. By Francis Bancroft. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 453 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. $1.35 net.

Footprints beneath the Snow. By Henry Bordeaux; translated from the French by Mary Seymour Houghton. 12mo, 294 pages. Duffield & Co. $1.25 net.

The Price of Place. By Samuel G. Blythe. 12mo, 359 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

Susette. By D. C. Calthrop. 12mo, 333 pages. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.25 net.

The Colonel's Experiment. By Edith Barnard Delano. Illustrated, 12mo, 316 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1. net.

The Thousandth Woman. By Ernest W. Hornung. Illustrated, 12mo, 237 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1. net.

The Escape of Mr. Trimm: His Plight and Other Plights. By Irvin S. Cobb. 12mo, 279 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

Hurrying Fate and Geraldine. By Florence Morse Kingsley. 12mo, 288 pages. New York: Franklin Bigelow Corporation. $1.20 net.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

Picturesque New Zealand. By Paul Gooding. Illustrated, large 8vo, 332 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50 net.

The Barbary Coast: Sketches of French North Africa. By Albert Edwards. Illustrated, 8vo, 312 pages. Macmillan Co. $2. net.

Along Germany's River of Romance: The Moselle. By Charles Tower. Illustrated in color, etc., 8vo, 332 pages. McBride, Nast & Co. $2.75 net.

Hunting the Elephant in Africa. By C. H. Stigand; with Foreword by Theodore Roosevelt. Illustrated, large 8vo, 379 pages. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

Two on a Tour in South America. By Anna Wentworth Sears. Illustrated, 8vo, 312 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $2. net.

A Tour through South America. By A. S. Forrest. Illustrated, 8vo, 355 pages. James Pott & Co. $3. net.

Our Neighbors: The Chinese. By Joseph King Goodrich. Illustrated, 12mo, 279 pages. Browne & Howell Co. $1.25 net.

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